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*THE ENGLISHMAN'S CALENDAR.*

WHEN Miss Edgeworth, in one of her charming tales for children, makes Rosamond's mother ask her frivolous little daughter why birthdays should be more regarded than other days, she implies disapproval of a tendency in human beings so universal, that any one but an encyclopædist might have paused before condemning it as irrational. The opportunity which the record of anniversaries affords for a kind of mental stock-taking has long been a commonplace as regards the individual life; and to Auguste Comte we owe the fruitful idea of a calendar for the race, in which every day should recall to us the name of a predecessor memorable in some one of the varied departments of human activity, the whole forming a record of our progress towards civilisation intended to rouse gratitude and stimulate effort. What the Positivist's Calendar attempts to do for mankind in general might be specialised in various directions with great interest and advantage. Why should we not have national calendars, county calendars, professional, scientific, municipal, even hobby-horsical calendars, the daily glance at which would freshen the memory of some bygone worthy or recall some invigorating deed? The Navy has led the way in the 'Naval Pocket-book for 1896,' and something of the sort is believed to have been compiled for certain regiments. But the slight efforts to provide us with noteworthy memoranda in our ordinary calendars have hitherto been thoroughly unsystematic and disproportioned; the battle of Armageddon, the first tooth of H.R.H. the Prince of Lilliput, the death of Lady Jones, and the conversion of St. Botibol following each other with bewildering effect in and out of Rogation Days and the Sundays after Trinity.

In The Englishman's Calendar <sup>1</sup> I have endeavoured to gather together by means of daily anniversaries the threads of our multi-form life as a nation, preserving as far as possible the relative proportion of our various activities. The difficulties are great; some inherent in the subject, some in the method. Of the former, the chief is that of selection; many men and many deeds have perforce been omitted, to find a place hereafter, let us hope, in special, one-idea'd calendars. The difficulties of the method resolve themselves principally into the fact that memorable events have a tendency to crowd together on particular dates; indeed the persistency with which certain days are avoided, whilst those on either side are filled to overflowing, has irresistibly suggested to the compiler that there is more truth in astrological influence than is dreamt of by a scoffing generation. Then, again, it often proves impossible to find an exact date for an essential entry, in which case a 'c.' for *circa* will show that the given day of the month is only approximate. But after all, though pains have been taken to secure accuracy, the interest of our calendar is not chronological; it lies in the bird's-eye view shown us of England's share in the making of the world, and in the suggestions of responsibility so great a heritage brings with it. Let us analyse as an example the records in January. In that month we commemorate the facts that in the West we have colonised North America with a people who have spread the love of independence, and the capacity for free government which belongs to their race, over a vast territory; while in the East we have obtained supreme dominion over the ancient peoples of the Indian Peninsula, and have given them peace, order, wealth, and a personal freedom equal to our own, and greater than that enjoyed by the citizens of any other nation save the United States. We see the first creation of the great machine which has enabled us, step by step, with efforts continued through many generations, to gain the liberties we own. The names of Cavendish and Boyle remind us that our research into the secrets of nature has been as close and as fruitful as that of any branch of mankind; those of Bacon and Berkeley that we have greatly helped in ascertaining

<sup>1</sup> It is perhaps necessary to say that this title is intended to include all the inhabitants of our islands, as being perhaps, on the whole, the one that most accurately describes them in their collective capacity.

the principles on which the mind of man works, and the right methods by which he may attain to knowledge. The steam-engine of James Watt leads us to reflect on the large proportion of mechanical and engineering invention due to the genius of our islanders; whilst the name of Spenser reminds us that a high and creative imagination is no less characteristic of that genius, and has enabled us to produce world-famous works in poetry and prose. The qualities of courage, energy, and physical endurance which lie at the root of national greatness are shown on the battlefields of Spain and India, in the series of Arctic voyages recalled by Baffin, and in the unsurpassable exploits of our Navy, represented here by the glorious name of Rodney. Such an analysis shows us also on what sides we, as a nation, are weak. The plastic arts, of whatever kind and degree, owe us little; the names in the front rank of painters are relatively few; the promise of musical greatness which appeared so bright in the days of Elizabeth and James has hitherto been belied: all honour then to those few who have succeeded in obtaining individual distinction of a kind to which the nation as a whole can lay no claim.

My hope, then, is that the value of this Calendar may be as a pinch of salt to the daily bread by which alone man cannot live. There is a marked tendency in Englishmen—and here I use the term in its most restricted sense—to be heedless of associations which link them to the past. While the Scot or the Irishman of respectable middle-class can trace the ramification of his stock in cousins far and wide, it is no uncommon case to find an Englishman of equal degree ignorant of his grandmothers' names, and careless of any family history but what falls under his immediate observation. The same disposition is characteristic of him in relation to his national history and the mighty forerunners of his race. As long ago as the days of Hakluyt, to what does he tell us it was due that he undertook 'the huge toil' of collecting the 'Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English nation made by Sea or over Land to the most remote and farthest distant Quarters of the Earth'? Why, to hearing and reading while in France 'other nations miraculously extolled for their discoveries and notable enterprises by sea, but the English, of all others, for their sluggish security and continual neglect of the like attempts, either ignominiously reported or exceedingly con-

demned, and finding few or none of our own men able to reply herein.' And these tongue-tied men were the sons of Willoughby and Chancellor and Frobisher, the brothers of Hudson and Davis and Lancaster and Baffin! Truly we all have the defects of our merits, and perhaps the missing complement of the Englishman's admirable individuality and independence is that gracious piety which would cherish with sympathetic pride and pleasure the memories and worthy deeds of those who have gone before. Yet the pity of it! the loss of it! As though of some tiny bud high-perched on a forest oak, and growing there all unaware of the beauty and majesty of leafy twig, broad branch, and stately trunk up-bearing it, or of hidden, wide-spread fibres groping in darkness to supply the vital juices on which it swells and reddens. Perhaps it may be urged on the other side that to dwell on our national achievements will but foster national conceit and arrogance; but it is ignorance, not knowledge, that boasts and crows and swaggers—ignorance, that grasps the fact of bigness but knows nothing of quality or proportion. The more we learn of our own share in the story of civilisation, the more we inevitably learn of the share of others; with quickened perception of the value of our own work, we look with the appreciation of a fellow-craftsman on theirs, and grow more alive to the great truth of the correlation of human effort, and the essential unity of the human race.

There is yet another truth which grows vivid before us as we reckon up the gains of humanity, and seek to fulfil the obligations of gratitude due to the leaders and helpers of our race. We learn convincingly that no great achievement is in reality an isolated one, but that it has been made possible by the sustained effort of a nameless multitude; that the great man so high above the crowd has had that height made attainable for him by the upward strain of predecessors towards the same goal. The memory of these may have faded or perished, but the witness of their labour and of its worth lives for ever in the deed and the man that are forgotten and imperishable. For it is a clear certainty that, to borrow a fine simile from Mr. Francis Galton, those men who are conspicuous above their fellows are 'like islands, which are not the detached objects they appear to the vulgar eye, but only the uppermost portions of hills whose bulk is unseen.'

The few notes I have added, and shall add to each month's

record as it appears, are, of course, quite inadequate as a commentary, and are intended only to clear up some of the least obvious entries.

## JANUARY

- 1 Founding of the United States of America, 1607  
Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India, 1877
- 2 *a.* Alcuin, theologian and man of letters, 735-804
- 3 Jeremiah Horrocks, astronomer, d. 1641
- 4 William Plunket, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, d. 1854
- 5 Patent for Watt's steam engine, 1769
- 6 Harold crowned in Westminster, 1066
- 7 Charter of Merton College, Oxford, 1264  
Sir Thomas Lawrence, painter, d. 1830
- 8 John Baskerville, printer, d. 1775
- 9 Cape Colony conquered, 1803  
Sir Charles Bell, physiologist, 1826
- 10 Penny postage started, 1840
- 11 Return of the Five Members to Westminster, 1642
- 12 Lord Dalhousie sworn in Governor-General of India, 1848
- 13 Lord Chancellor Eldon d. 1838
- 14 Bishop Berkeley, metaphysician, d. 1753
- 15 The Act of Supremacy, 1534  
The British Museum opened, 1759  
Henry Cavendish's discovery of the composition of water, 1784
- 16 Edmund Spenser, poet, d. 1598-9  
Napier's Logarithms published, 1614  
Defeat of the Spanish Fleet by Admiral Rodney, 1780
- 17 Richard Lower, physician and physiologist, d. 1690-1
- 18 James Neilson, inventor, d. 1865
- 19 William Congreve, dramatist, d. 1728-9
- 20 First English Parliament met, 1265
- 21 First Earl of Shaftesbury, statesman, d. 1682  
Peter de Wint, painter, b. 1784  
Assault of Ciudad Rodrigo, General Crawford, 1812
- 22 Francis Bacon, natural philosopher, b. 1561  
Battle of Wandewash, General Sir Eyre Coote, 1760
- 23 William Baffin, Arctic explorer, d. 1621-2  
William Pitt, statesman, d. 1806
- 24 Charles James Fox, statesman, b. 1749
- 25 Constitutions of Clarendon, Henry II., 1164  
Robert Boyle, physicist, b. 1627
- 26 General Charles George Gordon slain, 1885
- 27 Admiral Lord Hood d. 1816
- 28 The Triple Alliance, 1668
- 29 Hooker's Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity licensed for publication, 1592
- 30 William Chillingworth, theologian, d. 1643-4
- 31 *a.* Domesday Book, 1085

(1) Virginia, the first in the most glorious series of our many great colonies, was founded by 143 emigrants, who set sail from

England on this day in a little fleet of three ships, commissioned by the London Company of Merchant Adventurers. (2) The counsellor of Charlemagne in his educational reforms. (3) The name of Horrocks is little known to the general public; and yet Newton in the 'Principia' has acknowledged obligations to him; Hearne describes him as a prodigy for his skill in astronomy, who in all probability would have proved the greatest man in the whole world in his profession; Sir John Herschel calls him the pride and boast of British astronomy, and his latest biographer declares his genius to have been certainly not inferior to that of Kepler. He was a curate in Lancashire, with an income of 40*l.* a year, and died at twenty-three years of age. (7) According to Parker, the earliest college founded at Oxford, as University, although money was bequeathed for its endowment in 1249, was not incorporated as a college until about 1274. (9) A letter of this date contains the first account of Bell's discovery of the distinct functions of the nerves. (17) Great as an anatomist and as one of our earliest experimental physiologists. He was the first to transfuse blood from the veins of one living animal to those of another. (18) Inventor of the hot blast in the iron manufacture. (22) This victory over Lally Tollendal was of prime importance, dealing the final blow in the struggle between French and English for dominion in India. (29) Hooker, the logician of the Established Church, was the creator of a prose style which has won admiration from the days of Fuller to our own. (30) In 'The Religion of Protestants,' Chillingworth was the first to place the principle of toleration on a rational intellectual basis. It is interesting in connection with this to note the date of the death, twenty years later, of Lord Shaftesbury (21), who is considered the principal founder of the party of religious toleration in the State.

J. M. S.

## *THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.*

JANUARY 30, 1649.

### *AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY.*

CHARLES I. was executed on January 30, 1649, but not till 1859 was the service on the anniversary of his death removed from the Prayer Book. For two hundred years, as each January 30 came round, commemorations of his death were enjoined by law, and kneeling congregations were ordered to lament that God had permitted 'cruel men, sons of Belial, to imbrue their hands in the blood' of His anointed, and to pray that He would deliver this nation from blood-guiltiness, that of this day especially, and turn from them and their posterity all those judgments which their sins had worthily deserved.

At the opening of the Civil War the men who afterwards brought the King to the block would have repudiated as a slander the suggestion that they even sought his deposition. 'If any man whatsoever,' said Cromwell, during the debate on the ordinance for the King's trial, 'had carried on the design of deposing the King and disinheriting his posterity, he would be the greatest rebel and traitor alive; providence and necessity, not design, had cast them upon it now.' In August 1643, the House of Commons expelled Harry Marten for saying that it were better one family should be destroyed than many, and daring to avow that he meant the King and his children. A month later, in taking the Solemn League and Covenant, the two Houses vowed to venture their lives 'to preserve and defend the King's Majesty's person and authority.' But by the summer of 1644, just before Marston Moor, the leaders of the Independents were privately discussing the deposition of Charles, and in 1645, when Fairfax was commissioned as General, the clause for preserving the safety of His Majesty's person, which Essex's commission had contained, was purposely omitted. In 1646 some soldiers were beginning to talk of the Parliament's 'decolling' the King in case he refused the terms Parliament offered him. "'Thus," said one of Cromwell's captains, "they will decoll him," acting with his hand in putting it to his own neck in a way of cutting it off, and this captain added further that he

thought it would never be well with this kingdom till the King was served so.'

Parliament, however, was far from dreaming of such drastic methods of healing the State. Not till eighteen months had passed in futile negotiations did the two Houses resolve to set the King aside and settle the kingdom without him, nor would they without military pressure have passed those resolutions. The outbreak of the second Civil War produced opposite effects on army and Parliament. It frightened the Parliament into an attempt to make terms with the Sovereign they had just declared unworthy of trust. It determined the army to call to an account the man to whose perfidy they attributed the renewal of bloodshed. Already, in November 1647, Colonel Harrison had denounced the King to the council of the army as 'a man of blood,' whom it was their duty to prosecute. Cromwell and Ireton had replied to him by opposing the prosecution of the King on the ground of expediency. Assuming that Charles was a man of blood, Cromwell urged that there were cases in which it was wise and lawful not to punish murder. When Joab killed Abner, David spared his life, because he would not hazard the spilling of more blood, in regard that the sons of Zeruiah were too strong for him. Moreover, it was doubtful whether it was not the duty of the Parliament rather than the army to bring the King to justice.

When insurrections broke out in every part of England, and the Scots prepared to cross the border, the doubts vanished. Before the officers took the field they pledged themselves in a solemn prayer meeting to punish the instigator of the new war. 'We came,' wrote one of them, 'to a very clear and joint resolution, that it was our duty, if ever the Lord brought us back again in peace, to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to account for all that blood he had shed and mischief he had done to the utmost against the Lord's cause and people in these poor nations.' In the autumn they returned flushed with victory, and petitions poured in from regiment after regiment to their General, all demanding, obscurely or explicitly, the trial of the King. Actions followed words. On November 20, 1648, the remonstrance of the army against the treaty with the King was brought to Parliament. On December 1 Charles was seized in his lodgings at Newport and carried off to Hurst Castle. On the 2nd Fairfax's army entered London, and four days later Pride's Purge put an end to the opposition of the House of Commons, and made it for the next few

weeks a servile instrument in the hands of the soldiers. Then followed a curious halt in the revolutionary movement. During the next fortnight those of the officers who were statesmen as well as soldiers 'began to ask themselves whether it was necessary or even desirable that the King's blood should be shed.' Ireton wished to bring Charles to trial, but was willing to be content with his deposition and imprisonment. Cromwell wished to postpone the King's trial until his instruments in the late war had been condemned and punished. He went farther, and, in a debate in the army council on Christmas Day, exhorted the officers to spare the King's life if he accepted certain conditions. The council yielded to Cromwell's arguments, but when Charles peremptorily refused these offered conditions, his fate was sealed; the last remnant of hesitation vanished from Cromwell's mind, and the revolution moved forward once more. On December 23 the King was brought to London, and the same day the Commons appointed a committee 'to consider how to proceed in the way of justice against the King.'

Five days later an ordinance was introduced erecting a tribunal for the purpose, to consist of three judges and a jury of 150 commissioners. On January 2, 1649, the ordinance was transmitted to the Lords, and with it went a resolution declaring that 'by the fundamental laws of this kingdom, it is treason in the King of England for the time being to levy war against the Parliament and Kingdom of England.' The unanimous rejection of the ordinance by the Lords, and the discovery that the judges would refuse the post assigned to them, did not make the Commons draw back. A new ordinance was at once brought in, creating a court of 135 commissioners, who were to act both as judge and jury, and omitting the three judges. Fresh resolutions declared the people the original of all just power, the House of Commons, as representing the people, the supreme power in the nation, and the laws passed by the Commons binding without consent of King or Lords. This ordinance—or, as it was now termed, Act—was passed on January 6, 1649. It set forth that Charles Stuart had wickedly designed totally to subvert the ancient and fundamental laws of this nation, and in their place to introduce an arbitrary and tyrannical government; that he had levied and maintained a cruel war against Parliament and kingdom; and that new commotions had arisen from the remissness of Parliament to prosecute him. Wherefore that for the future 'no chief officer or magistrate

whatsoever may presume to imagine or contrive the enslaving or destroying of the English nation and to expect impunity for trying or doing the same,' the persons whose names followed were appointed to try the said Charles Stuart.

Meanwhile the King was a closely guarded prisoner at Windsor. Since December 27 the remains of his regal state had been cut off; the number of his attendants had been diminished, and he was no longer served upon the knee. In spite of this, the newspapers reported that he was cheerful, and even hopeful. 'The King,' said a newsletter from Windsor, 'is seemingly merry for the most part, though he hears of the Parliament's proceedings against him. He asked one that came from London, how his young princess did? He answered, "She was very melancholy." The King replied, "And well she may be so, when she hears what death her old father is coming to." . . . One telling him that the Parliament intended to proceed to justice against him, he answered most simply and tyrannically, "Who can question me for my life?"' Equally characteristic, in its groundless confidence in his own schemes, was another saying which rumour attributed to him: 'He saith he hath three games to play, the least of which gives him hope of regaining all.' On January 19 the King was brought from Windsor to St. James's, guarded by troops of horse. A Parliamentary newspaper, in an exultant leading article, explained the meaning of his removal. 'Our laws were formerly like spiders' webs, to catch the small ones and let the great ones go; yet shall we now find that justice will run down like a mighty stream, and be as impartially executed on him that sits on a throne as he on a dunghill. On this score the great Court Fly of the nation is this week flown from Windsor to London in order to his trial in Westminster Hall.' ('The Moderate,' January 23, 1649.)

Ever since January 8 the commissioners for the King's trial had been meeting in the Painted Chamber to settle their procedure. But nearly half of those named refused to accept the duty laid upon them. Some had fears for their own safety, some political objections, others objected to the constitution or authority of the Court. Algernon Sidney told his colleagues that there were two reasons why he could not take part in their proceedings. First, the King could not be tried by that Court; secondly, that no man could be tried by that Court. 'I tell you,' answered Cromwell, with characteristic scorn of constitutional formulas, 'we will cut off his head with the crown upon it.'

Even in the army some disliked the attempt to invest in a semblance of legality what was essentially an appeal to the power of the sword. 'I am not against judging the person of the King,' wrote an officer to Fairfax, 'but I say it is by no legal authority, but only what the sword exalteth. Although it be not an exact martial court, yet it is little different, and not a legitimate authority to the King.'

The question of their authority was a question to which the Court was bound to agree upon an answer. If a story told at the trial of the regicides may be trusted, the commissioners were still at a loss for a formula on the morning of January 20, when the trial began. As they sat in the Painted Chamber, news was brought that the King was landing at the steps which led up from the river to the garden of Cotton House. 'At which Cromwell ran to a window, looking on the King as he came up the garden; he turned as white as the wall . . . then turning to the Board said thus: "My masters, he is come, he is come, and now we are doing that great work that the whole nation will be full of. Therefore I desire you to let us resolve here what answer we shall give the King when he comes before us, for the first question he will ask us will be by what authority and commission we do try him."' For a time no one answered. 'Then after a little space Henry Marten rose up and said, "In the name of the Commons in Parliament assembled, and all the good people of England."'

About one o'clock the Court adjourned to Westminster Hall. At the upper or southern end of the Hall a wooden platform had been constructed, covering all the space usually occupied by the Courts of Chancery and King's Bench. A wooden partition, rising about three feet above the floor of this platform, divided the Court itself from the body of the Hall. On the lower side of this partition, running across the Hall from side to side, was a broad gangway fenced in by a wooden railing, and a similar gangway ran right down the Hall to the great door. Along the sides of the gangways, with their backs to the railings, stood a line of musketeers and pikemen, whose officers walked up and down the vacant space in the middle of the passages. The mass of the audience stood within the railed spaces between the sides of the Hall and the gangways, but on each side of the Court itself, and directly overlooking it, were two small galleries, one above the other, reserved for specially favoured spectators. At the back of the Court, immediately under the great window, sat the King's judges, about

seventy in number, ranged on four or five tiers of benches which were covered with scarlet cloth. They wore their ordinary dress as officers or gentlemen. In the centre of the front row of the judges, at a raised desk, sat Serjeant John Bradshaw, the President of the Court, and on each side of him his assistants Lisle and Say, dressed in their black lawyers' gowns. About the middle of the floor of the Court was a table where the two clerks were seated, and on the table lay the mace and the sword of state. In the front of the Court, at the very edge of the platform, were three compartments, something like pews, the back of which was formed by the low partition separating the Court from the Hall. In the central one of the three was a crimson velvet armchair, and a small table, covered with Turkey carpet, on which were an inkstand and paper. Here sat the King, and in the partition on his right were the three lawyers who were counsel for the Commonwealth. The King had his face turned towards the President, and his back to the crowd in the body of the Hall. As the floor of the Court was higher than the floor of the Hall, the spectators stood as it were in the pit of a theatre, but the partition somewhat intercepted their view of the interior of the Court. Yet they could see the King's head and shoulders above it.

Bramston's often-quoted couplet describes how :

'Britain's monarch once uncovered sat,  
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimmed hat.'

But the statement contained in these lines is not correct. Before the King entered, the Court resolved that 'as to the prisoner's putting off his hat, the Court will not insist upon it for this day,' nor was it insisted upon subsequently. So both commissioners and King kept their hats on, and as a newspaper observes, 'there was no congratulation or movement of hats at all.' In other ways also, Charles showed no signs of respect to the Court. 'The prisoner,' says an official account, 'while the charge was reading, sat down in his chair, looking sometimes on the High Court, and sometimes on the galleries, and rose again, and turned about to behold the guards and spectators, and after sat down, looking very sternly, and with a countenance not at all moved, till these words, *Charles Stuart to be a tyrant, traitor, &c.*, were read; at which he laughed as he sat in the face of the Court.'

Throughout the trial, as the King's judges had anticipated, Charles declined to admit the jurisdiction of the Court. On each

of the three days when he appeared before it, on the 20th, the 22nd, and the 23rd of January, he maintained his refusal to plead. Through his whole reign he had asserted that a king was not responsible to his people, and he was not the man to admit it now. 'Princes,' he had said in a declaration published in 1629, 'are not bound to give an account of their actions but to God alone,' and he now consistently asserted that 'a king cannot be tried by any superior jurisdiction on earth.' What excited more sympathy, however, was his association of the rights of his subjects with his own, and his claim to be defending both against the arbitrary power of the army. 'It is not my case alone,' he said; 'it is the freedom and liberty of the people of England; and do you pretend what you will, I stand more for their liberties. For if power without law may make laws, may alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England that can be sure of his life, or anything that he calls his own.'

On Tuesday the 23rd, after Charles had for a third time refused to plead, the Court adjourned to the Painted Chamber, and the more determined members resolved to treat the King as contumacious, and proceed to pronounce judgment against him. Others opposed this course, and the next two days were spent in hearing evidence at private meetings of the Court in the Painted Chamber—partly in order to gain time whilst the recalcitrant members of the Court were being converted. One after another, a number of witnesses deposed that they had seen the King in arms against the Parliament. One had seen the royal standard set up at Nottingham. Another had seen the King at Newbury, in complete armour with his sword drawn, and had heard him exhort a regiment of horse to stand by him that day, for that his crown lay upon the point of the sword. A third swore that he heard Charles encourage his soldiers to strip and beat their prisoners when Leicester was stormed. Documents were also brought to prove the King's invitations to foreign forces to enter England. At length, on the evening of Thursday the 25th, a vote that the Court would proceed to sentence Charles Stuart to death was procured, and on the morning of the 26th, sixty-two commissioners agreed to the terms of the sentence which their committee had drawn up. It was resolved, however, that the King should be brought before the Court to hear his sentence, instead of being condemned in

his absence, and this was doubtless done in order to give him a chance to plead, in case he should repent of his contumacy.

On the afternoon of Saturday, January 27, sixty-seven commissioners took their seats in Westminster Hall, headed by Bradshaw, who had now donned a scarlet gown in which to deliver sentence. Once more Charles refused to plead, requesting that, before sentence was given, he might be heard before the Lords and Commons assembled in the Painted Chamber. He had something to say, he declared, which was 'most material for the welfare of the kingdom and the liberty of the subject.

. . . I am sure on it, it is very well worth the hearing.' It was afterwards rumoured that he meant to propose his own resignation and the admission of his son to the throne upon such terms as should have been agreed upon. The Court, after a brief deliberation, refused the request, and Bradshaw, after setting forth the prisoner's crimes and exhorting him to repentance, ordered the clerk to read the sentence. The King strove to speak. 'Your time is now past,' replied Bradshaw, and bade the clerk read on. After the sentence was read, all the commissioners stood up to testify their assent. Once more Charles endeavoured to obtain a hearing. 'Sir, you are not to be heard after sentence,' was the answer. He still struggled to be heard. 'Guard, withdraw your prisoner,' ordered the President. 'I am not suffered to speak,' cried the King. 'Expect what justice other people will have.'

'As the King passed from the Court through the soldiers,' says a Royalist pamphleteer, 'the soldiers with a loud shout cried, "Execution!" "Execution!" with such fierceness that I, that stood near the King, trembled with fear, lest they should have murdered him in the Hall, but it seems it was but a design to fright the King.' It was now, whilst Charles was being led through the passages to Sir Robert Cotton's house, that the soldiers are said to have reviled him, and blown tobacco smoke in his face. Tradition says that one, more insolent than the rest, spat in his face. In 1660, Augustine Garland, one of the King's judges, was accused of this outrage, but the one witness who deposed to it was a person of very little credit; and Garland vehemently denied it, saying, 'If I was guilty of this inhumanity, I desire no favour from God Almighty.' Evelyn, writing in 1653, says that report attributed the act to 'that cursed woman the Lady Norton.' The evidence, such as it is, is very contradictory, and it is probable that this particular outrage never happened. The desire

to liken the sufferings of the martyred King to those of Christ was the cause of much exaggeration and some invention.

From Westminster the King was after a brief delay removed to Whitehall. As he passed through King Street in a close sedan chair, surrounded by halberdiers, both sides of the street, according to Herbert, were guarded with soldiers, 'who were silent as His Majesty passed. But shop stalls and windows were full of people, many of which shed tears, and some of them with audible voices prayed for the King.'

During Sunday and Monday, Charles prepared himself for death. He spent much time in prayer with Bishop Juxon, burnt his papers, distributed the small remains of his personal property, and took leave of his children. As he feared that the army would make the Duke of Gloucester king, he charged him in simple language not to take his brother's throne. 'Sweetheart,' said Charles, taking the child upon his knee, 'now they will cut off thy father's head' (upon which words the child looked very stedfastly upon him); 'mark, child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say: you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James do live; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head too at the last, and therefore I charge you do not be made a king by them.' At which the child, sighing, said, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' What Charles said to his daughter, the Lady Elizabeth herself related. 'He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it would be a glorious death that he should die, it being for the laws and liberties of this land, and for maintaining the true Protestant religion. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also, and commanded us and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last.' Then, striving to console her, he bade her again 'not to grieve for him, for that he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should all be happier than we could have expected to have been if he had lived.'

That night the King slept at St. James's. Two hours before the dawn of January 30 he rose up, and, calling to his servant, bade him dress him with care. 'Herbert,' he said, 'this is my

second marriage day ; I would be as trim to-day as may be ; for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus.' He then appointed what clothes he would wear. 'Let me have a shirt more than ordinary,' said the King, 'by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not death. Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared.'

About ten o'clock Colonel Hacker came to fetch the King to Whitehall. Attended by Herbert and Juxon, he walked through St. James's Park. His guard of halberdiers surrounded him, and companies of foot were drawn up on each side of his way. 'The drums beat, and the noise was so great as one could hardly hear what another spoke.' It was a cold, frosty morning, and the King walked, as his custom was, very fast, and calling to his guard 'in a pleasant manner' told them to march apace. When he reached Whitehall he was kept waiting in his bedchamber for two or three hours, perhaps in order to give Parliament time to pass an Act forbidding the proclamation of any new king. During part of this time he prayed with Juxon, and at the bishop's urging ate a mouthful of bread and drank a glass of claret. About half-past one Hacker came again to summon the King to the scaffold. In the galleries and the Banqueting House, through which Charles followed him, men and women had stationed themselves to see the King go by. As he passed 'he heard them pray for him, the soldiers not rebuking any of them, seeming by their silence and dejected faces afflicted rather than insulting.'

From the middle window of the Banqueting House Charles stepped out upon the scaffold. He was dressed in black from head to foot, but not in mourning, and wore the George and the Ribbon of the Garter. The scaffold was covered with black cloth, and from the railings round it, which were as high as a man's waist, black hangings drooped. In the middle of the scaffold lay the block, 'a little piece of wood flat at bottom, about a foot and a half long,' and about six inches high. By it lay 'the bright execution axe for executing malefactors,' which had been procured from the Tower—probably the very axe which had beheaded Strafford. Near the block stood two masked men ; both were dressed in close-fitting frocks—'like sailors,' said one spectator, 'like butchers,' said another. One of them wore a grizzled periwig, and seemed by his grey beard an old man. Immediately round the

foot of the scaffold stood ranks of soldiers, horse and foot, and behind them a thronging mass of men and women. Other watchers filled the windows and the roofs of the houses round.

Seeing that his voice could not reach the people, Charles addressed himself to the persons on the scaffold—some fourteen or fifteen in number. He must clear himself, he said, as a man, a King, and a Christian. To encroach on the liberties of the people had never been his intention. The Parliament, 'they began this unhappy war, not I. But for all this,' he continued, thinking of Strafford, 'God's judgments are just upon me. I will only say this, that an unjust sentence that I suffered to take effect is now punished by an unjust sentence upon me.'

Then the King forgave the causers of his death, and stated in a few words his conception of the cause for which he died. 'For the people I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whomsoever; but I must tell you that their liberty and freedom consists in having government, in those laws by which their life and goods may be most their own. It is not their having a share in government; that is nothing pertaining to them. . . . If I would have given way to have all changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come here; and therefore I tell you (and I pray God it be not laid to your charge) that I am the martyr of the people.'

When he had done the King put his long hair under his cap, helped by Juxon and the grey-bearded man in the mask, and spoke a few words with Juxon. He took off his cloak and doublet, gave his George to the bishop, and bade the executioner set the block fast. Then, as he stood, he said two or three words to himself with hands and eyes lifted up, and, lying down, placed his neck on the block. For a moment he lay there praying; his eye shining, said one of those who watched, as brisk and lively as ever he had seen it. Suddenly he stretched forth his hands, and with one blow the grey-bearded man severed his head from his body. It was now, noted another spectator, precisely four minutes past two.

The other masked man took the King's head, and without a word held it up to the people. A groan broke from the thousands round the scaffold; 'such a groan,' writes Philip Henry, 'as I never heard before, and desire I may never hear again.' Thereupon he saw two troops of horse—one marching towards Westminster, the other towards Charing Cross—roughly dispersing the crowd, and was glad to escape home without hurt.

The King's body was placed in a plain wooden coffin covered with a black velvet pall, then, after embalming, inclosed in an outer coffin of lead, and conveyed to St. James's. His servants wished to bury him at Westminster in Henry VII.'s chapel, amongst his ancestors, but this was denied because 'it would attract infinite numbers of people of all sorts thither, which was unsafe and inconvenient.' Windsor seemed safer, and the Parliament authorised Herbert to bury his master there, allowing 500*l.* for the expenses of the funeral. Leave was given to the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Southampton, and two other noblemen to attend it. They selected a vault in St. George's Chapel where Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour were interred—a spot about the middle of the choir, over against the eleventh stall on the Sovereign's side—and reverently laid the King's body there on Friday, the 9th of February. No service was read over him, for the Governor would not allow Juxon to use the service in the Prayer Book, saying that the form in the Directory was the only one authorised by Parliament. To the mourners, however, it seemed that heaven gave a token of their dead Sovereign's innocence. 'This is memorable,' writes Herbert, 'that at such time as the King's body was brought out of St. George's Hall the sky was serene and clear; but presently it began to snow, and fell so fast, as by that time they came to the west end of the royal chapel the black velvet pall was all white, the colour of innocency, being thick covered with snow. So went the white King to his grave.'

The King's execution contributed more to restore monarchy in England than his life could have done to endanger the republic. 'Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it,' but he did not throw it away with the studied carelessness of the Thane of Cawdor. If, as Marvell sang, there was nothing common or mean in his behaviour on the scaffold, there was also nothing unnatural or theatrical. He met his fate with the calmness of one whom suffering and faith had made strong, and was never more kingly. Those of his subjects who already regarded him as a martyr came soon to regard him also as a saint. Handkerchiefs dipped in his blood made the sick whole, and restored sight to the blind. Preachers compared his sufferings to those of our Saviour. In a sermon entitled 'The Martyrdom of King Charles, or his conformity with Christ in his sufferings,' preached by the Bishop of Down in 1649, he pointed out that the parallel was complete even to the two thieves, who might be taken to represent Presbytery

and Independency. The 'Eikon Basilike,' which appeared on the very day of the King's funeral, gave the Royalists an ideal portrait of the King, which, fictitious though it might be, had sufficient dramatic truth to be received as true, and sufficient charm to justify their devotion.

When the Restoration came, all expected the solemn reinterment of Charles I. at Westminster. Charles II. himself, says Clarendon, 'intended nothing more, and spoke often of it as if it were only deferred till some circumstances and ceremonies in the doing of it were adopted. But by degrees the discourse of it was diminished, as if it were totally laid aside upon reasons of state.' People guessed different reasons, but the true reason, he says, was that the place was not to be found. The surviving witnesses could not agree upon the spot. Attempts to discover it by opening the ground proved a failure, 'and upon their giving this account to the King the thought of that remove was laid aside.' In 1678 the Commons voted Charles II. 70,000*l.* for a funeral and a monument for his father, and Wren designed a tomb and a mausoleum which were approved by the King. The drawings are in the All Souls' library, and the elevation of the mausoleum is in general character very like the Radcliffe Library at Oxford.

The reason which Clarendon assigns for the King's inaction can scarcely be the true one; for when Pepys visited Windsor in 1666 he was shown the correct site of the grave, and it is described with great exactness by Dugdale in a history published in 1681. Herbert was Dugdale's informant, and all Herbert's statements about the place of Charles I.'s interment were proved true in 1813, when an investigation was made under the superintendence of the Prince Regent. The searchers opened the vault indicated in Herbert's memoirs, and the coffin believed to be that of Charles I. Gently disengaging the face from its covering, they found features with which Vandyke's picture had made them familiar, and a head which had been severed by some sharp instrument from the body. Though the skin was dark and discoloured, the forehead and temples had lost little of their shape; the pointed beard was perfect; and the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately. Sir Henry Hallford, in his 'Essays and Orations,' gives an account of what appeared on opening the coffin, and a drawing faithfully representing the countenance of the dead King.

If the Restoration afforded Charles I. no material monument,

it contrived a more impressive memorial for him by adding to the Prayer Book the service for January 30. In December 1660, Parliament passed a Bill ordering the anniversary of the King's execution to be observed as a day of fasting and humiliation. In 1662 a committee headed by Morley, Bishop of Winchester, drew up a form of service which was approved by Convocation, and enjoined by proclamation on May 2, 1662. But the service that finally came into use was a revised version of this one, which was made at the beginning of the reign of James II., and is said to have been the work of Sancroft. It was written, as Burnet observes, in a high style, and the alterations made all tended to intensify the tone and language of the earlier service, and to develop still further the suggested parallel. In the eighteenth century—an age of limited monarchy and unlimited scepticism—it came to seem an anachronism. Respectable Whigs, like Speaker Onslow, wished to revive the form of Charles II.'s days, and others wished to abolish it altogether. Boswell once discussed it with Johnson. 'Why, sir,' said the doctor, 'I could have wished that it had been a temporary Act, perhaps to have expired with the century. I am against abolishing it, because that would be declaring it wrong to establish it; but I should have no objection to make an Act continuing it for another century, and then letting it expire.'

C. H. FIRTH.

### THREE WEEKS AT COURT.

A DIARY KEPT AT WINDSOR BY THE LATE SIR CHARLES MURRAY,  
SEPTEMBER 1837.

[ON June 3, 1895, there died in Paris a man who in his day played many parts, diplomatist, traveller, scholar, courtier, man of fashion and sport, and, above all things, a Christian and a gentleman; equally at home in the Courts of Sovereigns or the lodges of savages, he had that sunny, happy nature which made the words 'universally beloved,' often so loosely applied, in his case a literal fact. One who knew him well in his old age wrote of him<sup>1</sup> just after his death: 'Until Sir Charles Murray died unexpectedly last Monday, in his eighty-ninth year, there was one living who could, as an undergraduate of Oriel, remember John Henry Newman in the college as a tutor; who was beyond question a type of the old-world fellows of All Souls'; who could recall several days spent in friendly intimacy with Goethe at Weimar; who had a standing invitation to Rogers' breakfast parties in that historic room overlooking the Green Park; who had crossed swords of wit with Sydney Smith; who had passed six months among the Pawnees, a tribe that for many years has lived only in the pages of Fenimore Cooper; who had served as Master of the Household for several of the early years of the Queen's reign, and could remember the days of the Prince Consort's coming to England; who had "seen many men and many cities," and had recorded some of his varied experiences in pages which may still be read. His eye was not dimmed by his many years, nor did his memory fail. Unhappily, much of what he had seen, known, and learnt must die, it is to be feared, with him. If ever the recollections of a man were worth writing and printing, those of Sir Charles Murray would be. A Journal of days and nights at Windsor in 1837 has, I believe, been preserved, with other fragments of autobiography, but the connecting links are far, if not impossible, to seek.' Alas! as the writer foresaw, it has proved almost impossible, from the scattered papers he has left, to construct anything like a connected life of this remarkable man; but

<sup>1</sup> R. J. S. in the *Athenæum*, June 8, 1895.

it seemed a pity that some of the pages in which he drew so vivid a picture of scenes long past should be lost to the public. The following is the fragment of Journal mentioned above. It extends only over three weeks, the first that Sir Charles spent at Court. Now that the Queen has sat upon the throne of England for a longer period than any of her predecessors, so graphic an account of her as she appeared to keen eyes and a loyal heart in the first year of her reign cannot fail to be of interest. It is necessary to show as briefly as possible what manner of man this was who came to take up his position about the person of the Sovereign, and leave the diary to tell its own story.

The Hon. Charles Augustus Murray was the second son of the fifth Earl of Dunmore, and was born on November 22, 1806, so that at the time of his coming to Court he was in his thirty-first year; a handsome, accomplished young gentleman, who had been educated at Eton under Keate, and at Oriel College, Oxford, from which latter place he had ridden to London and back in twelve hours, including an appearance in the Row; had held the silver racquet at tennis, yet had acquired a considerable dash of scholarship, and sucked sufficient logic from the dean of his college, in the course of long walks, to be elected a fellow of All Souls' before he was twenty-one. He had been nearly cast away in a storm on the Atlantic; had travelled all over North America, where he had formed a romantic attachment, and had spent six months in the tents of the savage Pawnees in almost daily danger of his life; he had discussed the difficulties of Chaucer with Goethe at Weimar; and had contested three elections for Parliament, in all of which his luck had been in such inverse ratio to his gallantry that Lord Melbourne, touched by his insuccess, procured for him the post of Groom-in-Waiting to the young Queen, which, after a few months, he was to exchange for that of Master of the Household.

In a note written on the inside of the cover, he recorded, long years afterwards: 'To me it was a period of intense interest to watch the development of character of a young Queen of 18 years of age, and the impression that resulted therefrom was most favourable.' The Diary is now printed as it was written sixty years ago.—H. O. S.]

' Windsor Castle.

'September 6th.—Drove my American ponies down from London, astonishing the natives with their uncommon speed and with the slight, spider-like appearance of my carriage. Arrived at two

o'clock. Made my way to Lord Conynghame (Chamberlain) and Lilford (Lord-in-Waiting); placed myself with them in the corridor through which Her Majesty was to pass in descending to mount her horse. Here I was presented and kissed hands, after which I joined the cavalcade, consisting of twenty-five or thirty equestrians, and we made a promenade about the Great Park for two hours. There was little or no form or ceremony observed as to precedence. The Queen rode generally in front, accompanied by the Queen of the Belgians (who was here on a short visit with her royal husband) and King of do., the Duchess of Kent, and now and then she called up Lords Conynghame, Wellington, or Melbourne to ride beside her. Her Majesty's seat on horseback is easy and graceful, and the early habit of command observable in all her movements and gestures is agreeably relieved by the gentle tone of voice and the natural playfulness with which she addresses her relatives or the ladies about her. I never saw a more quick or observant eye. In the course of the ride, it glanced occasionally over every individual of the party (and I am sure that neither absence nor impropriety of any kind could escape detection). I had some conversation with the Duke of Wellington upon national character, chiefly that of the English and the German. His opinion of the latter I found to be very high, as was also his estimation of the domestic policy of Prussia. On the subject of emigration from this country to America, I do not think his views so enlightened as I should have expected. I also chatted for half an hour with Lord Melbourne, but as it was chiefly on topics of passing interest, connected with the late general election, I need not record the particulars here. I was quite delighted with the magnificent Park. It recalled my boyish days,<sup>1</sup> when I rambled constantly in it, and formed particular acquaintance with the more picturesque of its ancient tenants, sitting often under their spreading limbs, with the tale of Dido or of Angelica in my hand, and above my head a nightingale pouring out its "thick fast notes"—those were days of dreamy happiness in the land of Hope! (And how has their flattering promise been fulfilled?—no more of this.) Let me return to Windsor Forest, and record the delight I experienced in finding that its beauties had lost nothing in my eyes from my wanderings among the more gigantic trees, the wider ranges of country, and the more impenetrable forests of Western America—for Windsor Park has charms

<sup>1</sup> He had been at a tutor's at Sunninghill after leaving Eton.

peculiar to itself, not only in the picturesque forms of the gnarled old oaks and the noble sweep of the treble avenue called the Long Walk, but in the deer playing and browsing in the fern, the spires which here and there are caught rising above the foliage, and in the magnificent Castle with its floating banner, which commands and completes the scene. At half-past seven the guests and the Household again met Her Majesty in the corridor, and we proceeded to dinner, the arrangements for which were handsome and royal without parade. The ladies retired to the drawing room, and we followed in a quarter of an hour. The band was in attendance at and after dinner, and played some excellent music, chiefly of Rossini and Bellini. During the evening Her Majesty conversed with her principal guests. She also played two games at draughts with the Queen of the Belgians, both of which she gained. *Quod felix faustumque omen.* There was a whist table consisting of the Duchess of Kent, the King of the Belgians, Duke of Wellington, and Lilford. I stood or sat between the two former, and my position was rather a critical one, as I could see both hands, and H.R.H. asked me, good-humouredly and joking, more than once, what she should play. The Royal Leopold was very grave, and I worked my face into an expression of diplomatic stolidity, which must have amused the Duchess not a little, and gained me golden opinions from her opponent; but it is not a wise position for a courtier to take up. Fortunately for me, H.R.H., on one or two most decisive occasions, played the wrong card; had she played the right one, Leopold would have thought that either my eyes or tongue had sinned! Her Majesty retired at eleven, and all the "lesser stars" soon followed her example, and "hid their diminished heads" (under their night-caps); after travelling a quarter of a mile through cold windy passages, and mounting somewhat less than one hundred steps, I gained my nest in the Round Tower.

'September 7th.—Went out at eight, and sauntered round the terrace and the new garden on the southern side of the Castle. The improvements in that quarter have been made with very good taste, and while the beauty of the wide and wooded landscape is most pleasing to the eye, there is nothing to offend it except sundry abominable old statues near the fountain. We rode out at half-past three, and my pony Blackbird excited much admiration by his speed and action. The Queen asked me his origin, history, name, &c., and laughed very much when I told her that I had

christened his black companion Jem Crow. Her countenance when smiling is most delightful to look upon, so full is it of simplicity and cheerfulness, while there is always a something inexpressible which would check familiarity and annihilate impertinence.

'The Duke of Sussex arrived before dinner, apparently in better health than he has enjoyed for some time. After dinner a whist-table was made, at which I made my *début* as a player: the party consisting of the Duke of Sussex, the King of the Belgians, and the Duchess of Kent. We changed partners several times, the two former playing a middling game; the Duchess is not a good player, but she laughs so good-humouredly at her own blunders and losses that no partner could get angry with her at shilling whist!

'When our table broke up, I went and stood over our young Queen, who was playing draughts with the Queen of the Belgians; it was a very long game, and had reached a very important crisis. I got so interested, that when Her Majesty made one very bad move, I groaned audibly; she looked over her shoulder, and laughed very much when she saw me. She asked me more than once what she ought to play, and I told her, perhaps wrong; and more than once I fear I spoke when I was not asked. (Mr. Murray, you must keep a watch on your saucy tongue—it may get you into a scrape yet.) Went to bed and did not sleep.

'*September 8th.*—After breakfast went down to the river, took a skiff and sculled about for an hour, visiting all the holes and corners, which I seemed to remember as well as if I had only left Eton four months instead of fourteen years.

'Returned in time to wait upon the Queen during her ride. Two of the maids of honour left the Castle, as their term of waiting expired; they seemed really sorry to go, and the Queen's manner at parting with them was kind in the extreme. The dinner was as usual; after it the whist-table was again set for the same party as the previous night, except that Lord Lilford played instead of me. I stood near the Duchess of Kent, and this evening I was very discreet. After Her Majesty and her ladies retired, I went up to smoke a cigar with the Duke of Sussex in his apartments—at twelve went to bed.

'*September 9th.*—This morning I waited upon the Duke of Sussex, and had a long conversation with him before seeing him into his carriage. The Queen went to Bagshot, and returned at

two. We rode out at four, and as the King and Queen of the Belgians were of the party, we went rather slow, and had but a short ride. Her Majesty desired me to trot out Blackbird, to show his action to the King of the Belgians, which I did to a certain extent, but, as the grass was slippery and the ground rough, I did not put him to his speed. Our young Queen's manner to King Leopold is most respectful and affectionate; indeed, her manner to everyone about her is perfectly winning and appropriate, and her countenance lights up into the most agreeable and intelligent expression possible. After dinner the usual whist-table was set, the only change in the party being the Duke of Cambridge,<sup>1</sup> who arrived to-day. He talked all dinner-time without ceasing, and not less constantly during the whist-playing; I never heard such a continued flow of spirits and of words! He asked very kindly after my mother and my elder brother, who is a great favourite with him. The Lord Chancellor, Melbourne, Palmerston, Albemarle, &c., were of the party this evening. I stood by the Duchess of Kent and arranged her cards; King Leopold confessed that I behaved very discreetly to-night.

'September 10th.—This being Sunday, we accompanied Her Majesty to the chapel, and the party included her royal visitors, as well as the Chancellor, the Premier, Master of the Horse, &c. &c. In the afternoon she took a short drive in the Great Park, and I went out on the terrace, which presented a very gay and beautiful appearance, as the bands both of the Grenadier and Life Guards were playing near the new fountain, and all the officers of the two regiments, as well as the belles of Windsor and the neighbourhood, were enjoying their holiday promenade. Having received Her Majesty on her return from her drive, I took a short ride in the Park. At dinner the company was the same as before; there was no music at, or after it. The Queen played a game at German tactics with the King of the Belgians. I looked over it, and was appealed to for an opinion by Her Majesty, which I hazarded, and I believe a *right* one, namely, that with *moderate* players the *officers* have the best of it, but with systematic professors the men *must* win. Her Majesty doubted, and the King of the Belgians dissented. I still think I was right!

'September 11th.—This morning, the weather being fine and a fresh breeze blowing, I took a small sailing boat and spent two or three hours of idle activity on the Thames. Came in at three to

<sup>1</sup> The late Duke.

accompany Her Majesty in her usual promenade in the Park. To-day she went in a pony phaeton with the Queen of the Belgians, the King, the Duchess of Kent, Lord Melbourne, &c., going on horseback. Her Majesty more than once noticed my little friend Blackbird, and when she asked me why I never rode Jem Crow, she was much amused at learning that I had ridden him on Saturday last, and she had not known him from his mate. About five there came on a terrible shower of rain; the riding ladies got into a carriage which was in attendance, and the riding gentlemen one and all got a most complete soaking before we could reach home; although the head of the pony phaeton was down and the apron up, the two Queens got a little sprinkled, and the flounce of the Majesty of Belgium was stained and spoilt. We all looked like drowned rats, and though our royal mistress seemed really concerned to see some of her lieges in such plight, she could scarcely refrain from laughing at our appearance.

‘I must here record an instance of her kindness which occurred to-day, and which was enhanced by the sweet manner and grace with which it was conveyed. I had mentioned to the Lord Chamberlain an application from a tradesman in London, who had married my mother’s lady’s maid, and who had set up in business as a perfumer; having once or twice served the Duchess of Kent, he applied now to be appointed perfumer to Her Majesty. Lord Conynghame seemed to think that the Duchess of Sutherland was the proper person through whom to apply, but very good-naturedly mentioned the circumstance to Her Majesty. She said to him, “If it will oblige Mr. Murray, I think we may on this occasion accede to the request of his *protégé*.” After dinner, when Her Majesty called me to speak to her upon some other subject, I ventured to tell her how sensibly I felt her gracious kindness. I never saw a sweeter smile upon any countenance than that which accompanied these words: “If this small favour affords you any gratification, it gives me the greatest pleasure to do it.” The words are simple, but the tone and manner were such that I could have knelt down and kissed her feet.

‘At dinner I had a very interesting conversation with Baroness Lehzen, who has been for many years Her Majesty’s governess and preceptress. I know nothing more creditable to herself or to her illustrious pupil than the fact that one of the first acts of her reign was to secure and retain her preceptress in an honourable situation about her own person. Her Majesty treats the

Baroness with the most kind and affectionate confidence, and the latter tells me that she has carefully copied every letter of *private* correspondence of her young mistress, both before and since her coming to the throne, but that, since she has been Queen, Her Majesty has *never* shown her one letter of Cabinet or State documents, nor has she spoken to her, nor to any woman about her, upon party or political questions. As *Queen* she reserves all her confidence for her official advisers, while as a woman she is frank, gay, and unreserved as when she was a young girl. What a singular and excellent judgment is shown in this—Heaven grant it may be kept up and rewarded by the affection and prosperity of her subjects. After dinner we had, as usual, a whist-table—the Duchess of Kent and I against the King of the Belgians and Lilford. We beat them most shamefully. Afterwards I went and looked over Her Majesty playing draughts against the Queen of the Belgians. I could not help being much interested in the game, which was brought to three kings on each side. Her Majesty once or twice appealed to me about the moves, and was much amused at my eagerness. She changed one king; that left two on each side, and her royal opponent and her Consort said it *must* be a drawn game; Her Majesty caught me shaking my head, and said, “Why, Mr. Murray, you are incorrigible. We must now retire, but I desire that you will take my men and Lord Conynghame shall take the opposite two, and see if you can beat him.” Now I had got myself into a very “unhandsome fix,” but there was no help for it. So, having escorted Her Majesty to the corridor, I sat down to finish the game with Lord Conynghame; on this occasion my good genius did not desert me; I got him into a trap where I lost one man and took both his. If Her Majesty had any “petite malice” in placing me in this predicament, I shall be curious to see how she will to-morrow receive the intelligence that I *did* beat her Chamberlain. Went to bed as proud as the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo.

‘*September 12th.*—The usual ride in the Park at three. We went to the fishing-lodge on Virginia Water; Her Majesty and her guests entered the barge, and we rowed about for an hour. The frigate was then put under way; there was just breeze enough to catch and fill her light sails, and as she glided past the lodge, she fired her royal salute of twenty-one guns; she is a beautiful mimic man-of-war of fifty tons, and I have seldom

seen a more pleasing and picturesque sight than the view of the setting sun on the autumnal tints of the forest which surrounds the lake, while its red beams tinged the volumes of smoke which rolled along the waters with a sulphurous and saffron hue, gradually becoming less dark in shade as it rose and curled over the light tracery of the top spars of the graceful frigate.

'September 13th.—This morning Her Majesty went, accompanied by the King and Queen of the Belgians, to Claremont. As soon as they were off, and I had finished my letters and other morning business, Lord Lilford and I went to Virginia Water to sail and fish. The former answered pretty well; in the latter department, however, we illustrated to perfection Dr. Johnson's definition of a fishing rod!<sup>1</sup> Having killed nothing but the two minnows with which we had baited our hooks, and two or three hours of time, we returned to the Castle. The distance from the fishing-lodge is always called six miles, and some of the ground is hilly and irregular; we returned, with both my ponies trotting and Lilford galloping, in a few seconds less than twenty minutes. (At dinner I was robbed of my lady companion, and sat, a dull and silent man, between two other men as dumb and dull as myself.) I indulged in a few reveries which were not very cheerful, and I now and then allowed my eyes to wander to our young Queen's countenance, which was the best and brightest thing at table. After dinner we played whist with the usual party—Lilford revoked, and his partner the Queen of the Belgians exposed him! Went to my room and read young Irving's book called the "Hunter of the Prairie"—it is a romantic, *exalté* kind of story, and somewhat commonplace, but it treats of my old Pawnee friends, and the scene is laid in the country I know so well, that I could not lay the first volume down until I had finished it and the clock struck 3 A.M.!!—shameful.

'September 14th.—This day Her Majesty went to London, to show Buckingham Palace to her sister of Belgium. I determined to go up to town also in order to see the Duke of H——, lately arrived from the Continent, and to attend to some other business. Accordingly, I ordered my ponies to be harnessed to their American carriage, and come to the door at the same time as the royal equipages. Her Majesty desired me to pass her somewhere on the road, that she might see the ponies trot, which I accordingly did, but pulled up ten minutes afterwards, in order to let Her

<sup>1</sup> 'A worm at one end and a fool at the other.'

Majesty's carriage precede. At Crawford Bridge I got on a rough hack, or post-horse, and galloped into town, remained there two or three hours, and then galloped back again. On the return Alfred Paget got out of the royal carriage and joined me; we went a long way round and arrived a minute too late to hand Her Majesty out of her carriage—this was a blunder. At dinner we had much the same party as usual, with the addition of Lord and Lady Barham, Mr. and Mrs. Ashley, &c.

'September 15th.—This has been an ordinary routine day, with nothing to mark it or deserving of being recorded. We rode at four; dined at half-past seven; played a couple of whist-rubbers, and retired.

'September 16th.—Spent most of the morning in the library with Lord Holland, Lilford, and the Librarian. Saw some curious and interesting books, especially the first Psalter printed with a date, I think at Mayence, 1457. The library consists of several rooms of moderate size, and is well stored with useful books; but there are no manuscripts, and few Biblical curiosities, the Crown having given most of those in its generous donation to the British Museum. On leaving the library and passing through the corridor, when we were opposite the grave and pompous picture of Lord Thurlow, Lord Holland told me an amusing saying of Charles Fox's, who had remarked on seeing the same picture, "It is impossible for any man to be as wise as that man looks."

'We rode out in the Great Park at three, with all the royalties. My poor Italian *protégé* appeared, having walked from London, and wished me to present his cantata to Her Majesty. I told him it was impossible, and was afraid that distress and despair might induce the poor man to make some scene; I gave him some money and got him to return to London. I believe five or six poets were obliged to be treated in a similar manner to-day. After dinner we had whist. Her Majesty played at chess; I went and looked on. At last my advice was more than once asked. As my evil star would have it, I suggested a move which lost Her Majesty the game; she *had* lost it before I came, but my unlucky blunder gave the *coup de grâce*; she was very good-natured about it, and neither said nor looked anywise angry at her ill-adviser!

'September 17th.—This morning Her Majesty went out in the carriage to take a drive with the King and Queen of the Belgians.

I accompanied on horse-, or rather pony-back. Two carriages followed; in the first were the ladies in waiting, and in the second two of the gentlemen of the King of the Belgians' suite. Just as the carriage containing the ladies was passing through the blue gates leading out of the Little Park, a violent gust of wind shut them with great force upon the carriage, which was so completely jammed in that it was impossible to move it; fortunately the horses remained quiet. I dismounted, helped the ladies out of the carriage, and directed the grooms to undo the traces, so that if the horses became restive, they might not be able to break the carriage. Having seen matters in a fair way to be soon put to rights, and left the ladies under the care of the gentlemen in the other carriage, I put spurs to my pony and went on to report the occurrence to Her Majesty. She was quietly continuing her course, unconscious of the narrow escape which her suite had met with. As there were no other equestrians in attendance, Her Majesty called me often to her, to ask questions or give directions about any trifles incidental to the promenade (a circumstance which pleased me, for there is something so feminine, so gentle in her manner of addressing those about her, that it really is a pleasure to render her the most trifling service, or speak with her upon the most trifling subject). After the drive, the usual dinner party assembled, and after dinner Her Majesty played chess with the Queen of the Belgians (on this occasion Her Majesty put my counsel in requisition from the beginning, and alas! I ate more dirt than on the preceding night. Whether it was that my thoughts wandered too much from the game to the interesting young person playing it—to her position, her destinies, her future—or that I really am a very bad player, I know not; but sure am I that I recommended two or three successive blundering manœuvres to her, and subjected her to a most complete defeat. She was as good-natured as ever about it, and I could not therefore help being rather amused than vexed at my own awkwardness).

'September 18th.—This morning their Belgian Majesties took their departure, and I am sure that our Queen's regret and grief at the parting was sincere. She has a quiet esteem and affection for her uncle; and his young queen being nearly her own equal in rank, station, age, &c., rendered her the only companion with whom she could *entirely* lay aside the Queen and (as old Milton hath it) "play at will her virgin fancies;" indeed, it must be owned that if ever there was good nature embodied, it is

in the young Queen of the Belgians. Nothing seems to annoy or disturb her perpetual flow of good-humour and spirits, and I hear from those about her that the above holds good, not only in these holiday times, but in every-day life. As she was going to her carriage, our young Queen accompanied her to the entrance hall, kissed her most affectionately two or three times, did not speak, and as she went up the stairs, I distinctly saw a tear on her cheek. (Dear amiable nature! long may it be ere cares and troubles and political trials poison and embitter those pure fountains of womanly emotion.) Having business which called me to town, I followed the King of the Belgians' suite in Lilford's carriage. We had gone eight or nine miles, and were galloping over that smooth bit of level road which enters upon Hounslow Heath, when the near leader in the King's carriage put his foot on a stone, fell instantly on his head, and the front wheel went over the body of the postillion; the poor fellow was carried into a tavern and his wounds examined. They seemed very severe, but still he could speak and breathe, and we hoped he might recover. Having ordered him surgical attendance and every relief that his case would admit of, we proceeded—the King and Queen to Ramsgate, and I to London. There I met my old friend Vernunft, my companion among the Pawnees, and it may be believed that our meeting was accompanied with much interest and pleasure on both sides. Having transacted the business for which I went to town, and engaged Vernunft to pay me a visit at Windsor, I went back to the tavern to inquire after the wounded post-boy. I found him as well as could be expected, but suffering very much from contusions in the back and legs; the surgeon gives me good hopes of his life and recovery. At dinner I sat by the Duchess of Kent, and related to her and to Her Majesty the accident of the day, into all the particulars of which they inquired with much interest. After dinner, we played a rubber at whist, and my back was turned to Her Majesty, who played chess with Lord Palmerston.

*'September 19th.*—Rode out this morning to inquire after the wounded post-boy. Found him as well as could be expected, but very weak, and not likely to be raised from his bed for many months. Met Gersdorf at Colnbrook, and rode in with him to Windsor, where he was to attend the Council at two, and have an audience to congratulate Her Majesty on her accession, on the part of the Saxon crown. Chatted with him about some of his diplomatic colleagues, and found that we agreed in opinion re-

specting the political views of the King of the Belgians, and the abilities of Louis Philippe.

‘Most of the Cabinet Ministers attended the Council. We (the Household attendants) ushered Her Majesty into the Council Chamber and then left her. As soon as it was over she gave audiences to Gersdorf and Ludolf, who both made short fine speeches, triple salaams, &c., and retired. We then rode out in the Great Park, and Lady Ch——t, who had taken the place of Lady T——k as lady-in-waiting, though mounted on the quietest cantering animal in Christendom, screamed half a dozen times, whenever her steed put his foot near a stone, a thistle, or any other such alarming obstacle. At first Her Majesty was rendered thereby nervous, but afterwards it became like the cry of the wolf in the fable, and Lady C. was left to the tender mercies and insufferable boring of Mr. F——, the most orthodox and prim of riding masters. After dinner there was a whist-table, when Lord Torrington and Baron Ludolf played against the Duchess of Kent and Lord Albemarle.

‘*September 20th.*—Wrote a parcel of letters before noon. Called on Mrs. Barnard and her sister; offered to place them in an apartment where they could see the inspection of troops to take place at two; which I accordingly did, and conferred the same favour on Lady L——y, the wife of a colleague. *He* is a very stiff, prim, tiresome old twaddle; of *her* I know nothing, except that she married him. At two we accompanied Her Majesty down to the portico, where the Life and Grenadier Guards marched past her, the full bands of both regiments playing “God save the Queen.” As the colours passed her she curtsied or inclined herself gently to those who bore them; and, looking upon her delicate figure and amiable countenance smiling with just satisfaction upon these her troops, I could not help thinking of Burke and the thousand swords that would start from their scabbards to avenge aught that threatened her with injury. Alas, what lessons does the page of history teach to those who will read it!

‘At four we rode in the Great Park. The Queen was mounted on Emperor, a fine chestnut horse, very spirited, and, on one account, not quite fit for her to ride. As Lord Melbourne’s steed was fidgety, I proposed to lend him Blackbird and take his curvetting animal instead; as Blackbird could not speak, the exchange was effected, although he had two or three stone more

to carry ; but Lord Melbourne was enabled to ride by the Queen and talk quietly to her.

*September 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th.*—These days presented little variation from the routine of those preceding, but I was too much occupied with my correspondence, and lionising Vernunft over Windsor and the neighbourhood, to keep my journal regularly. Her Majesty has been very kind to me in respect to him (as well as in every other instance when opportunity has been offered) by allowing him to be invited to the equerries' table at breakfast, dinner, and luncheon. She asked me his name, and laughed outright, in spite of all attempts to conceal the mirth inspired by such a droll appellation for a Christian man. I had a long conversation with her on the 24th while riding, chiefly on the subject of modern languages. She speaks French perfectly, and both reads and understands German, but does not like speaking it. The reason I suspect to be the great difference of pronunciation between her mother and her governess, Mme. Lehzen, which is so great that, although both are Germans, they never speak together in that language. Her Majesty is also a good Italian scholar. (Her conversation is very agreeable ; both her ideas and language are natural and original, while there is a latent independence of mind and strength of judgment discernible through the feminine gentleness of tone in which her voice is pitched.) Every day that I have passed here has increased my admiration of the excellent judgment shown by Mme. de Lehzen in her education, and of the amiable and grateful feeling evinced by Her Majesty towards her governess. It does the highest honour to both. There is another person in the household whose character it is not easy to penetrate or to describe, Baron Stockmar. He is certainly possessed of great abilities, but is silent and reserved, while his general state of health seems almost to preclude the possibility of his being lively or communicative. At dinner he eats nothing, and talks less than he eats ; but I observe that he holds quiet conversations with Lord Melbourne and Palmerston in the morning, and I should think it likely that he was much in the confidence of the Queen. He is a most intimate and faithful friend of the King of the Belgians.

*September 30th.*—The daily routine of the last week has presented nothing worthy of record by way of incident, but has of course afforded me many opportunities of forming my judgment of those among whom I have been living ; nor has a day passed

without numerous instances of tact, judgment, and kindness on the part of our youthful Queen. A day or two ago she inspected the Life Guards and Grenadiers on horseback, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, Lord Hill, Conynghame and the rest of her suite. She was dressed in a habit of the Windsor uniform, and wore a blue military cap with a gold band passing under the chin. As the several companies and squadrons passed and saluted her, she raised her hand and returned the salute of each; and the grave earnestness of her manner, as well as the graceful self-possession of her attitude, struck me particularly. It was clear that she felt *proud* that these fine fellows defiling before her were her defenders, and she looked upon the whole scene with a glow of animation such as it was well calculated to inspire. I was anxious to read their faces, and to see whether I could trace there a responsive glow of loyalty towards their young commandress, but the rigid perfection of their military discipline, extending even to the eyes and features, frustrated my scrutiny, and left imagination to fill up the vacancy.

'We afterwards rode in the Park. In the course of the ride, Her Majesty called me up to her, and said with a smile, "Mr. Murray, the Baroness Lehzen has told me that you always speak German with her, and that you are very fond of the language. She also told you that I would speak a little German with you—is it not so?" I answered in the affirmative. She continued, smiling, "Well, I suppose I must keep her promise, but I am rather nervous about speaking it, as I have so little practice." I answered that Her Majesty need not be nervous in speaking it to me, as I was myself an imperfect scholar, and in order to convince her of the fact, and at the same time to save her the unpleasant process of breaking the ice by changing the language in the middle of a conversation, I made the above remark in German; she then answered in that language, and spoke it with much fluency and a clear pronunciation. Her voice is so gentle and melodious in its tone that any language would sound agreeably from her lips, and if there were any grammatical errors in her expressions, I did not perceive them. She led the conversation towards German literature, and just as it was beginning to be a little interesting, her abominable steed, Emperor, started at a fallen branch and gave a very sudden jump, which did *not* unseat her, but which called up instantly all the equerries, riding master grooms, &c., inquiring, offering aid, &c.; this broke the thread of

the discourse (as nothing was talked of but the horse and his start for five minutes), and I had not an opportunity of resuming it. I wished Emperor and all the equestrian attendants at Rome or elsewhere, for I was extremely anxious to observe the tone of her mind on subjects out of the ordinary routine of duty or trifling amusements. On that afternoon, and during several other rides, I talked much to the Duchess of Kent on the same subject, in which she seemed to take much interest, as it led her to talk of many scenes, places, and persons in Germany to which she felt a warm attachment. She is a very amiable person, and has shown her kindness to me in many civilities, which I was not entitled to expect, such as lending me books to read, and telling me passages in her favourite German authors which were most worthy of my notice.'

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[Here the Journal ends abruptly; the writer, in the note added in his old age, tells us that he cannot recollect why he ceased to keep it at the end of three weeks. There exists another fragment, narrating the visit of the Emperor of Russia to England in 1844, which it is hoped may be given to the public in another article.—H. O. S.]

### THE MAKING OF A 'PARADISE.'

WHENEVER the next reign begins, the nation will have to arrange a fresh bargain with the Crown for the surrender of the Royal Forests. It is probable that many of these Crown domains will then be taken over by Act of Parliament, and kept, as the New Forest is kept now, as land 'open and wild.' To this will be added powers for preserving in them all the indigenous wild animals and birds; and the national forests will become, as the New Forest is now in some measure, sanctuaries for all the animals *feræ naturæ* of England.

This is what the Greeks, borrowing a Persian word for a Persian institution, called a 'paradise.' These were parks of great size, 'filled with all kinds of trees and all varieties of beasts.' They contained lakes and streams, and were often walled, though some of the survivals of these paradises in India, notably that of the Maharajah of Jeypore, are maintained without inclosure, by the force of law and the sanction of religion; and the animals, never molested, become absolutely fearless of man. In the paradise at Jeypore, the black-buck antelopes, usually so wild as to be unapproachable, wander in security over the corn-fields, and may be seen sleeping like dogs by the side of the railway line. The engine drivers have been accused of 'potting' them there with a revolver, and hiding the carcasses in the tender, until the train has passed out of the district. The maintenance of this paradise led to an unusual difficulty, showing that hunting, the more usual object of a 'paradise,' cannot in all cases be dispensed with, and that non-carnivorous animals, if man be disarmed, may supplant him in the struggle for existence. In consequence of the great increase in the number of deer and wild boars, the inhabitants of one village collected their cattle, loaded the carts with their goods, and 'trekked' in a body to the principal square of Jeypore. Thence they sent an ultimatum to the Prime Minister to say, that unless they might kill down the wild swine they would migrate in a body to the territories of Scindiah. This was serious, for on the one hand the Maharajah, as the 114th in direct descent from the god Krishna, could hardly consent to a request involving the destruction of animal life. On the other, it was intolerable

that a whole village, a source of revenue, should be transferred to the territories of a rival and a Mahratta. After much debate permission was granted, and the wild pigs were killed down.

In this country public attention has been so generally diverted to the *sporting* objects of a forest, and the harshness of the forest law has stuck in our minds with such curious persistence, that we have almost forgotten that under the milder code, after the granting of the Charter of the Forests by Henry III., they were the most perfect sanctuaries for wild animals ever devised by the mind of man. The definition given by Manwood leaves no doubt of this.

'A forest is a certen territorie of woody grounds and fruitful pastures, priviledged for wild beasts and foules of forest, chase, and warren to *rest and abide in*, in the safe protection of the king for his princely delight and pleasure . . . and also replenished with wild beasts of venerie or chase, and with great coverts of vert for the succour of the said wild beasts to have their abode in.' In these precincts, designed for the beasts of the forest to 'rest and abide in,' they harboured for centuries, often unmolested for years at a time, when the forest was in some distant country, and the king aged, or much taken up with affairs. In the queens' reigns they were still more rarely disturbed, and even where the ancient protection has been withdrawn, these old forest sanctuaries still hold the few remnants of the harts, bucks, and other beasts of the forest and the chase which still survive as wild animals.

Before the attempt at a reconstruction of the forests as sanctuaries is made by the public, some private owner, who shares the ancient feeling that a 'forest is the most highest franchise of noble and princely pleasure,' might be tempted to make the experiment on a minor scale, and give the public the benefit of his experience.

'The restoration of a Norman forest is a most fascinating idea,' writes the owner of a large north country estate. 'To live on a place of sufficient size—say part of Dartmoor, with all its surroundings, the skirts of the moor where the streams break away through deep valleys on to the low ground, with one side of it bounded by the sea—rocks and a wild coast—with wild beasts of all sorts, very few inhabitants, no railways, no posts, and no telegrams, tracts of woodland where one could be lost, sweeps of down to gallop over—in fact all the things that would make going out every day a delight—presents to my mind a vision of para-

dise than which I can conceive nothing more delightful. But where on this earth could such a paradise be found ?'

The ideal requirements of such an area could not be better set out ; and the possibility of realising them in part is not so remote as might at first appear. The site for such an experiment would depend on what estates were in the market ; but the columns of the 'Field,' and the advertisements of property agents in the daily papers, show the enormous proportion of the land of this country which changes hands every year. Except the entailed estates of the largest proprietors, there are, unfortunately, few areas of British soil of which a would-be possessor might not reasonably hope to become the owner at a very moderate cost, though not at 'prairie value.'

Much of this land does not pay for cultivation. Take, for example, the greater part of the Berkshire Downs beyond the 'Ridgeway.' This is not ideal land for a 'forest,' as water is scarce. But much of it is full of natural cover, woods, fern, and furze ; and dense thickets of whitethorn spring up naturally when it is left to itself, from seeds planted by the birds. Land in this district has changed hands at 7*l.* 10*s.* and even 5*l.* per acre. But such ground would be more suitable for a great game farm than a 'paradise ;' and it would almost necessarily require inclosure. But in Essex, where land is equally cheap, an estate near the coast, with a good salt marsh, and a tidal creek bounding one side, would form an excellent site for the purpose. Essex, though a clay soil, is admirable ground for game and deer, even in the unpromising neighbourhood of Epping Forest. Wild fowl abound on the coast, and a 'lake sanctuary' could always be established. If a corner, such as that lying between the river Crouch and the Chelmer, could be secured, a natural boundary on two or even three sides would be formed by the sea and estuaries. Farther east, the coasts of Suffolk and North Norfolk offer ideal sites for a sanctuary. The heaths and sand hills are the natural home of game. Wild fowl in thousands haunt the coast, and only await the chance to make a home in any preserved inland water. The best sporting domains there still maintain a certain value in the real estate market, and the arable land is so light and good that the low prices recently obtained by some Norfolk properties are inexplicable, except on the supposition that the Norfolk farmers' pockets are emptied, and that they can no longer afford to farm their land on the expensive Norfolk system.

Turning to other parts of the coast, for it is by the sea that

our ideal paradise should be, a great part of the coast of Wales, and of Somerset, and Devon, from the Quantocks to the boundary of Exmoor, the parts of North Devon by Hartland Point, of Cornwall near the Lizard, and Purbeck Island, all offer physical features favourable for such a reserve; while on the west coast of Scotland, and of South and Western Ireland, the map shows a hundred sea-coast sites only waiting to be converted to our purpose. Some of those sites are already the scene of such restorations, partial or complete, varying in kind from the ever-increasing herds of red deer on the Quantocks and Exmoor to the development of an ideal 'paradise' in Lord Powerscourt's extensive and mountainous park at the foot of the Wicklow Mountains, where the red stags of Ireland have interbred with the deer of Japan.

One of the first practical questions to be answered in designing such a 'paradise' is, whether its borders shall be open or fenced. This demands a practical answer, though, as no one would be likely to make such a precinct without sentiment of a kind, the sentimental factor must not be omitted. The following are some of the considerations as they did or do occur to practical people from the Angevin kings down to the present keepers of the deer of her Majesty Queen Victoria. Those 'single and mighty Nimrods,' the Angevin kings of England, thought it altogether *infra dig.* to inclose a forest. Its limits were always 'unremovable marks, meeres and boundaries, either known by matter of record or else by prescription;' and for keeping the animals there they relied on the 'great coverts of vert for the succour of the said wild beasts,' and on the privilege or sanctuary given by the law. Here, too, the natural instinct of the beasts of the forest came to their assistance, and as this is a constant factor it must be reckoned among the natural aids to the restoration of a forest. Unless the ground is overstocked, both red and fallow deer and roe, and all game birds, and even wild fowl, prefer to keep as much as possible on the ground where they are preserved. They are not naturally wanderers. Even hares stick to their own preserved ground, and avoid adjacent non-preserved fields as carefully as if they could read the notice boards.

If the Norman rule, to include 'fruitful pastures,'<sup>1</sup> not mere wastes only, be observed, there will be little danger of losing deer for want of fencing. From the owner's point of view this is very

<sup>1</sup> 'Fruitful pasture' may be thus explained. It should be ground on which in a good season cattle will grow fat. And they will only grow fat on grass which has somewhere below a clay subsoil.

satisfactory. But there is always the chance that his neighbour may look upon unfenced deer as possible trespassers and a source of injury. Roe deer which do stray could scarcely be regarded in this light. They are small and harmless, and their preservation in a reserve would probably lead to a gradual restocking of neighbouring woods with these, perhaps the most beautiful of our native bucks. Something of the kind has taken place in Dorsetshire, where they were reintroduced by Lord Dorchester at Milton Abbey in 1800, and spread over a large part of South-west Dorset and Devon. If kept in a central sanctuary they would gradually replenish these old haunts, and their permanent establishment would be simply a matter of preservation.

If, in spite of good pasture, deer or other animals in the paradise insisted on 'lying out,' the experience of the Angevin forest practice is again useful. Each forest had its 'purlieus,' neighbouring ground whence the beasts of the forest were regularly driven in to head quarters, and it was the duty of the ranger to do this. This duty would be transferred to the modern keeper, whose business it would be, on receiving notice, to ride round and drive the beasts back. It is part of the ancient practice of the forest.

The grievances which led to complaints from owners of land adjacent to the forests—one of the first things which a careful owner desires to avoid, and which would possibly be cited as arguments against the re-establishment of a great sanctuary—arose entirely from the overstocking of the Royal Forests with deer. The best case in point is that which led in part to the Deer Removal Act in the New Forest. There the Crown had an unlimited right of increasing the number of deer, and this was exercised, in the late Georgian days and in the beginning of the present reign, with a view, as it was asserted, to diminish the value of the commoners' rights of pasture. In time there were far more deer than could find food on the Crown lands. The average number kept was from 3,500 to 5,000, and in one year it rose to 7,000. In hard winters they starved, and at all times trespassed on the private land, particularly those manors originally grants from the Crown, such as Brockenhurst and Minestead, which were wholly in the forest. Here is some of the evidence given before the Committee which sat in 1875: 'Q. Have you always considered that the depredations upon this property, and the mischief and inroads of the deer, were a great drawback on its condition with respect to its cultivation and improvement? A. It has always been considered so, and we have experienced considerable difficulty in letting it, owing to that cause. Q. Have

you been accustomed to hear great complaints of the damage done by the deer, and the difficulty in preventing it? *A.* Yes, I have. *Q.* In regard to fencing against the deer, is the price of fencing against the deer very considerable? *A.* I should say the price of fencing against the deer was at least double the price of ordinary park fencing; there would not be occasion to provide such an expensive fence except against the deer, but we are obliged to have a high fence at a great cost. *Q.* The fence requires to be double the usual height? *A.* Yes. *Q.* Is the extent of fencing considerable round Mr. —'s boundary of the forest? *A.* It extends upwards of three miles. *Q.* And the repairs of that fence, in order to keep out the deer, are considerable? *A.* Very considerable; I have always heard it spoken of as an item of large expenditure. *Q.* Is the principal damage done by the deer in winter and the early part of the spring? *A.* Yes, during the time that the turnips and other green crops are on the ground, when the deer are driven out of the forest for want of food; there is not so much damage done in the summer.'

This is an exceptional case, stated entirely by the complainants, and we shall have something to say as to the cost of a deer fence later. But it arose solely from this ridiculous overstocking of the forest, and now that the number of the deer is reduced—for they could not be entirely killed off, and have maintained themselves as wild animals—they are among the most popular inhabitants of the district. It is more probable that the chance of finding a few outlying deer or roe would make their establishment in an uninclosed area a source of pride to the country side. Public opinion has changed since the days of Deer Removal Acts, and, sentiment apart, the chance of a hunt after a new wild animal is immensely popular. At a not very distant date deer had so decreased in the north of Somerset, Exmoor, and the Quantocks, that their very appearance had been forgotten on the south side of the Blackdown Hills by common people. A well-known farmer was aroused from his bed by one of his ploughmen, who had taken his team out on a misty morning, with the news that he had seen the devil in the top field. There was no mistake about it, for he had 'gurt horns and hoofs,' and the man was so frightened that he had left the horses where they were and run home with the news. The farmer agreed that matters looked serious, so he jumped out of bed and into his clothes, took his gun, and, losing his pointer and spaniel, went out to seek the enemy. He found a fine stag on the hill, and with the aid of

his two dogs—not an ideal pack for stag hunting—he followed the deer for several miles across the Devonshire border, and ultimately shot it in a park. This proceeding was naturally objected to; but being a great lawyer, he demonstrated that he had a right to pursue deer 'levant or couchant' which he found on his land with the aid of 'hounds.' The 'hounds' were there in evidence of the fact, and as for the gun, that was no more objectionable than a hunting knife, and a more merciful weapon. He carried his point with such convincing arguments that he got the loan of the keeper's cart, and brought his deer home before supper time.

The late Mr. Austin Corbin, the American 'Railway King,' who created the huge reserve of Corbin Park in New Hampshire, did inclose the whole area of 30,000 acres with strong wire fencing. As he turned out bison and Wapiti deer, in the laudable effort to retain the two largest of North American animals for the enjoyment of posterity, this was perhaps necessary.

An iron railing  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, costing 2s. per yard, forms a sufficient inclosure for cattle and wild Welsh ponies in Lord Wantage's New Park or cattle ranche on the Berkshire Downs. But a cheap and effective fence may be had for deer and antelopes. It is of larch palings, 4 feet high, with wire netting fixed on the top for a width of 3 feet 6 inches. This gives a fence 7 feet 6 inches high, and it would last for twenty years. Its cost is 3s. 6d. per yard. If oak were substituted for larch it would last for a much longer time, but would also be more expensive.

Perhaps the best compromise would be to leave the boundaries of the main sanctuary uninclosed, and to provide within it separate inclosures for such creatures as needed protection, or which it was desired to acquaint with their new surroundings before letting them loose to take their place among the other 'beasts of the forest.' This would also be in accordance with Norman practice. Their forests included both a chase or uninclosed preserve, a park or inclosed preserve, and a warren. 'A forest doth comprehend in it a chase, a park, and a warren. . . . A chase in one degree is the selfsame thing that a park is, and there is no diversitie between them, save alway that a park is inclosed, and a chase is alway open and not inclosed; therefore the next in degree to a forest is a liberty of frank chase, and the next in degree unto a frank chase is the liberty and franchise of a free warren.'

The warren, properly managed, should form part of our modern sanctuary, and should be inclosed by a miniature fence exactly like that recommended for deer, but only 3 feet 6 inches high.

This will form a safe inclosure, not only for the rabbits, but as a first home for any of the minor rodents or small antelopes from abroad which it might be proposed to enlarge in the open sanctuary later. In addition, the rabbits are a great attraction to all the large hawks and to ravens. Nothing would be more likely to attract and retain such birds as buzzards, marsh harriers, and, in the autumn, the travelling sea eagles, as the chance of a 'right of free warren' inside such a sanctuary.

To the combination of forest, chase, and warren the modern owner will make an important addition. He will not be content without a lake sanctuary as a home for wild fowl. This will be found to be one of the most satisfactory parts of the reserve. Wild fowl learn by instinct where they can rely on sanctuary, and the increase each year both in numbers and in variety of species is one of the most delightful results of protection which the eye could desire. Everyone who has seen the fowl on the lake at Holham, where for years not a shot has been fired, would desire such an addition to a paradise.<sup>1</sup> In one property now being developed, on which there is no lake, a sheet of water is being formed for the purpose. This is in Norfolk, in a situation very favourable for such an experiment.

Where gregarious birds of special local interest, such as herons, black-headed gulls, or terns, breed, their colonies would form a special attraction in the reserve. By arrangement with the county authorities a line of cliff or an area of adjacent sea and estuary might also be annexed to the sanctuary, where the wild shore birds would soon become as tame as the wild ducks upon the lakes. This experiment has been tried, so far as the writer is aware, in one place only, viz. the Scilly Islands, where the protection, though informal, is effectual. The writer is informed that curlew, almost the wildest of wild birds, will feed there like wood pigeons in the London parks, within ten yards of people standing on the open beach.

When the site of our paradise has been secured, with the necessary adjuncts of cover, with a lake or pool, natural or artificial, and a warren established, as a food supply for carnivorous birds and the inevitable fox, it will need stocking, or 'replenishing,' as Manwood says. The hawks and wild fowl will stock the woods and lakes of their own accord, and the same may be said of

<sup>1</sup> Sir Herbert Maxwell has such a sanctuary on the White Loch of Myrtoun, in the farthest south-west angle of Scotland. Its population increases yearly, and he notes that this year an eared grebe, which had spent the summer and winter of 1895 alone on the lake, found a mate and reared a family.

most other species of bird. But the old list of 'beasts of the forest' does not restore itself naturally under any conditions. Of the 'beasts of the forest,' the hart, hind, hare, boar, and wolf, and of the 'beasts of the chase,' the buck, doe, fox, marten, and roe, only the hare, fox, and in rare places the marten cat, would be found indigenous to the soil. The red deer, wild fallow deer—obtainable from the New Forest—and certainly the roe, should form part of the new population. But modern views on the subject of stocking a sanctuary are wider than those of the Angevin kings. As the world has shrunk, our notions of the possible wild population of a given area expands; and the enterprising owner of a paradise would probably fill it with foreign as well as native animals. Several large proprietors whose tastes lie on the borderland between natural history and sport have already established sanctuaries for this purpose, for the most part in inclosed inland parks. The Duke of Bedford owns a number of foreign deer, and is continually adding to his stock; and the Hon. Walter Rothschild turned out numbers of kangaroos at Tring at a time when their speedy extinction in Australia seemed probable.<sup>1</sup> The moose deer is also being imported, in order that the experiment of its acclimatisation in Scotch forests may be tried. 'Sir Edmund Loder has hundreds of antelopes, gazelles, foreign deer, kangaroos, and Patagonian hares running loose in his park near Horsham, in Sussex,' writes Mr. Albert Jamrach; 'and Mr. Christopher Leyland, of Haggerston Castle, in Northumberland, has nyulghaus, gazelles, moufflon, kangaroos, yaks, and antelopes. Whether financially a sanctuary would be a success I could not tell you, for all these gentlemen keep the creatures from their intense love of animals, and commercial interests do not enter into their calculations at all. This, however, I do know, that some twenty-five years ago my father sold to Lord Powerscourt two pairs of Japanese deer, which have multiplied to such an extent that not only in his park at Enniskerry are there hundreds of descendants of these two pairs, but that likewise at Muckross Abbey, in Killarney, there are numbers running over the hills descended from the same stock.' These Japanese stags have also interbred with the red deer and produced hybrids, thus showing that such a reserve might produce what the original of all paradises produced—new animals.

<sup>1</sup> One of these kangaroos escaped into Oxfordshire, and hid itself in a stook of corn sheaves, beside which a labourer sat down for his dinner. During the meal the kangaroo bounded out of the stook and made off in one direction, while the labourer took to flight in the other, not stopping till he reached the next village.

The following list of the cost of foreign animals suitable for turning out in England may be of service:

Japanese deer ( <i>Cervus sika</i> )	. . .	8 <i>l.</i> to 12 <i>l.</i> each.
Sambur deer ( <i>Cervus Aristotelis</i> )	. . .	15 <i>l.</i> to 20 <i>l.</i> each.
Manchurian deer ( <i>Cervus Manchurius</i> )		12 <i>l.</i> each.
Wapiti deer ( <i>Cervus Canadensis</i> )	. . .	25 <i>l.</i> each.
Virginian deer ( <i>Cariacus Virginianus</i> )		12 <i>l.</i> each.
Mouflon from Sardinia	. . .	25 <i>l.</i> each.
Barbary sheep ( <i>Ovis tragelaphus</i> ) males		10 <i>l.</i> each.
" "	" "	females 30 <i>l.</i> each.

English deer can generally be obtained by private arrangement from the owners of parks. Roe would probably need to be imported from Germany, where they abound in the forests.

The success of Sir Edmund Loder in forming a 'paradise' of foreign animals in Leonardslee Park, near Horsham, is quite astonishing. He has for the most part running loose and wild in a large and wooded park, axis deer, Japanese deer, Indian antelopes, Persian gazelles, Corsican and Algerian moufflon, Scotch hares, great kangaroos and wallabys, prairie dogs, and beavers, Chinese deer, emus, and wild turkeys. The beavers are fenced in a beavers' park of their own, and the emus have a paddock. The former have made a larger dam across a stream than is commonly seen in North America, and the beaver and prairie dogs' colonies alone must be a constant delight to the owner. The Indian antelopes have bred twice in a single year, a possibility which was not known to naturalists until noted in this Sussex park. At Haggerston Castle, in Northumberland, Mr. Christopher Leyland has, among other foreign animals, American bison, which have interbred with Scotch cows, white-tailed gnus, Wapiti and axis deer, and Japanese deer. The latter, he remarks, 'do really well; a small herd were running with the bison, and were friendly until this year, when the bison hunted the fawns about and killed them.' Mr. Leyland has also acclimatised several species of kangaroo; and the largest of Indian antelopes, the nylghau, thrives and produces young. Unlike the animals in Sir E. G. Loder's park, these are mainly kept in separate inclosures, varying from seventy acres to the size of ordinary pens. It is a 'paradise' in the transition stage, but the results of both these well-managed experiments are as interesting to the public as they must be encouraging to their authors.

C. J. CORNISH.

## *THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.<sup>1</sup>*

THERE is a story told of an ancient dandy in London who, taking, one sunny afternoon, his accustomed stroll down Bond Street, met an acquaintance hurrying in the direction of Westminster. 'Whither away so fast this hot day?' murmured the dandy. 'To the House of Commons,' cried his strenuous friend, brushing past him. 'What!' said the dandy, with a yawn, 'does that go on still?' Yes; the House of Commons still goes on, still attracts an enormous, some think an inordinate, amount of public attention. What are called 'politics' occupy in Great Britain a curiously prominent place. Literature, art, science, are avenues to a fame more enduring, more agreeable, more personally attractive than that which awaits at the end of his career the prominent party politician. Yet with us a party leader looms more largely in the public mind, excites more curiosity, than almost any other description of mortal. He often appears where he would not seem to have any particular business. If a bust is to be unveiled of a man of letters, if a public eulogium is to be pronounced on a man of science, if the health is to be proposed of a painter or an actor, or if some distinguished foreigner is to be feasted, the astute managers of the function, anxious to draw a crowd, and to make the thing a success, try, in the first instance, at all events, to secure the presence of Mr. Balfour, or Lord Rosebery, or Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Chamberlain, rather than of Lord Kelvin or Mr. Leslie Stephen. The fact is that politicians, and particularly the heroes of the House of Commons, the gladiators of politics, share in the country some of the popularity which naturally belongs to famous jockeys, and which once belonged to the heroes of the prize ring. It is more difficult to explain this than to understand it. Our party strifes, our Parliamentary contests, have long presented many of the features of a sport. When Mr. Gladstone declared in the House of Commons, with an irresistible twinkle of the eye, that he was an 'old Parliamentary hand,' the House was convulsed with laughter, and the next morning the whole country chuckled with delight. We all, somehow, liked to think that our leading statesman was not only full of enthusiasm and zeal, but also a wily old fellow, who knew a thing or two better

<sup>1</sup> A Lecture delivered at the Cowdenbeath (Fifeshire) Literary Society on October 15, 1896.

than his neighbours. I always thought the instantaneous popularity of this remark of Mr. Gladstone's illustrates very well the curiously mixed feelings we entertain towards those great Parliamentary chieftains who have made their reputations on the floor of the House of Commons. There is nothing noble or exalted in the history of the House of Commons. Indeed, a Devil's Advocate, had he the requisite talent, could easily deliver an oration as long and as eloquent as any of Burke's or Sheridan's, taking as his subject the stupidity, cowardice, and, until quite recent times, the corruption, of the House of Commons. I confess I cannot call to mind a single occasion in its long and remarkable history when the House of Commons, as a whole, played a part either obviously heroic or conspicuously wise, but we all of us can recall hundreds of occasions when, heroism and wisdom being greatly needed, the House of Commons exhibited either selfish indifference, crass ignorance, or the vulgarest passion. Nor can it honestly be said that our Parliamentary heroes have been the noblest of our race. Amongst great Ministers, Sir Robert Walpole had good sense; Lord North, a kind heart; the elder Pitt, a high spirit; his son, a lofty nature; Peel, a sense of duty; Lord John Russell, a dauntless courage; Disraeli, patience to wait; but for no one of these distinguished men is it possible to have any very warm personal regard. If you turn to men who have never been powerful Ministers, the language of eulogy is perhaps a little easier. Edmund Burke, alone of Parliamentary orators, lives on in his speeches, full as they are of wisdom and humanity; through the too fierce argumentations of Charles James Fox, that great man with a marred career, there always glowed a furious something, which warms my heart to its innermost depth. John Bright is a great Parliamentary figure, though many of his speeches lack a 'gracious somewhat.' Richard Cobden's oratory possessed one unique quality—it almost persuaded his political opponents that he was right and they were wrong. Amongst the many brilliant lawyers who have, like birds of passage, flitted through the House of Commons usually on their way to better things, I know but one of whom I could honestly say, 'May my soul be with his!' I refer to Sir Samuel Romilly, the very perfection in my eyes of a lawyer, a gentleman, and a member of Parliament, whose pure figure stands out in the frieze of our Parliamentary history like a statue of Apollo amongst a herd of satyrs and goats. And he, in a fit of depression, made an end of himself.

No; the charm—for it has a charm; the strength—for it has

a strength; the utility—for it has utility—of the House of Commons does not depend upon the nobility of the characters of either its leaders or its rank and file; nor on its insight into affairs—its capacity to read the signs of the times, its moral force, still less its spiritual depth; but because it has always, somehow or other, both before Reform Bills and after Reform Bills, represented truthfully and forcefully, not the best sense of the wisest people, not the loftiest aspirations of the noblest people, but the primary instincts, the rooted habits of a mixed race of men and women destined in the strange providence of God to play a great part in the history of the world. A zealous philanthropy may well turn pale at the history of the House of Commons which, all through the eighteenth century, tolerated, with fearful composure, the infamies of the slave trade, the horrors of our gaols, the barbarity of our criminal code, the savagery of the press gang, the heathenism of the multitude, the condition of things in our mines. The eager reformer must blush as he reads of our Parliamentary representation—of rotten boroughs, of deserted villages with two members, and of Manchester with none. The financial purist must shudder as he studies the Civil List, and ponders over the pensions and sinecures which spread corruption broadcast through the land. It is true enough, and yet the fact remains, that all the time the British nation was stumbling and groaning along the path which has floated the Union Jack in every quarter of the globe. I do not know that it can be said the House of Commons did much to assist the action of this drama; but at all events it did not frustrate it. However, my object to-night is to say something about the House of Commons as it exists at present, and as it strikes the humble individual who has sat in it for seven years as your representative. Well, first of all, I am a Scottish member, and as a Scottish member one's attitude to the House of Commons is not a little that of an outsider. Scotland has nothing to do with the early history of the English Parliament. Until 1707 you had a Parliament of your own, with Lords and Commons sitting all together cheek by jowl—a great economy of time, for, as Andrew Fairservice in *Rob Roy* puts it, there was no need then for Lords and Commons to have their havers twice over. There is no need to be ashamed of the old Scots Parliament. It passed laws of unrivalled brevity and perfect intelligibility—a now lost art. Scotland owes more to its old Parliament than it yet does to the United Parliament. If you seek a record of its

labours you will find one in an essay penned sixty years ago by a Scotch Tory, the very man who wrote a History of Europe in twenty volumes to prove that Heaven was always on the side of the Tories.<sup>1</sup>

The old Scots Parliament met for the last time on March 25, 1707. Unions are never popular. The Union of England and Scotland was undoubtedly most unpopular. One member for Fifeshire voted for it, and two against it. I wonder which way I should have voted. Cupar, Burntisland, Kinghorn, Dunfermline, Inverkeithing, and Queensferry voted Aye; but St. Andrews, Dysart, Kirkcaldy, Pittenweem, voted No. The first article of the Treaty for Union, which involved the rest, was carried by 116 votes against 83; and then, as Lord Seafield said, 'There was the end of an auld sang;' but some day—who knows?—the auld sang may be set to a new tune. But this much is certain—the new tune will in no way affect the loyalty of Scotsmen to the Union of the two countries. But for that Union Scotland would not stand where she does in the eyes of the world. What Scotland wanted, what Scotland standing alone could never have had, was a theatre wide enough for the energy of her sons. A country so small, so barren, could never have supplied such a theatre. Scotsmen must have taken service abroad, and spent their lives fighting other men's battles, or building up other men's fortunes. United with South Britain she has been able to play a glorious part both at home and abroad, and this she has been able to do without losing either her Scottish character or her Scottish accent. Still, the fact remains that the seventy-two members from Scotland preserve a character of their own amongst the 590 representatives from England, Wales, and Ireland. This must be so. Scotch law is very different from English law. We have our own laws and our own judicature. A Scotsman cannot be sued in an English court unless he is snapped with a writ whilst sojourning in that strange land. Scotland has her own religion; for, though I am far from saying that traces of a common Christianity may not be found lurking both in Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, still, speaking as a Parliament man, the religions of the two countries may be considered as distinct. In England, those who do not believe in the Divine authority of Episcopacy, who deny either the validity of the orders of the Episcopalian clergy or that there are such things as holy orders at all, who repudiate the Sacramentarian system, and hate the pretensions of a priesthood, are engaged in a constant strife with the Church party, with which

<sup>1</sup> Alison's *Essays*, vol. i.

Scotland has as yet no concern. The educational system is different. Here you have universal School Boards, and pay an allegiance—sometimes real, sometimes formal—to a Catechism which, though often supposed to be the most Scotch thing in existence, was, as a matter of fact, compiled in England by Englishmen. In England School Boards are far from universal, and clerically conducted schools provide the education of half the school-going population. The Scottish system of local government is different in important respects from the English. For example, your Parish Councils administer the Poor Law; in England they do not. Your rating system is different. Here the rate is divided between the owner and the occupier; in England the occupier pays the whole rate. All these differences invite different treatment—there have to be English Bills and Scotch Bills; and though some Scotch members may honestly try to understand English Bills, I never knew an English member, unless he was by birth a Scotsman, who ever took, or pretended to take, the least trouble to understand a Scotch Bill. They vote if they happen to be in the House whilst Scotch business is being discussed, but they vote as they are told by their party managers. It follows, as I say, from this that a Scotch member surveys the House of Commons somewhat as an outsider.

The great characteristic of the House of Commons is that it is a deliberative and consultative chamber, meeting together mainly for the purpose of framing laws which are to bind the whole nation. It does not meet together for the purpose of oratory, or to educate the public mind, or to strengthen party organisation, but to frame laws of universal obligation. This at once gets rid of the platform orator, and establishes the difference between public meetings and the House of Commons. It is no discredit to the public meeting or to the House of Commons to say that what will find favour with the one excites the disgust of the other, for the two have little in common. The object of a speaker at a public meeting is to excite enthusiasm and to spread his faith; but in the House of Commons his object is to remove objections, to state propositions in a way least likely to make reply easy, to show that a scheme is practicable and free from particular injustices, to handle figures with dexterity, and to avoid empty phraseology. There is nothing the House of Commons hates more than to be reminded of the purgatorial flames through which each member has had to pass in order to take his seat by the side of the Speaker; and therefore it is that the

utterance in all innocence by some new member of either party of the cries and watchwords with which he was accustomed to enliven his electioneering speeches, never fails to excite the angry groans of his opponents or the sarcastic smiles of his friends. Nor is there anything dishonest in this. There is a time for all things, and the House of Commons is before everything a deliberative and consultative assembly. Another marked characteristic of the House of Commons is its total indifference to outside reputations or great fortunes. Local magnates, manufacturers whose chimneys blacken a whole countryside, merchants whose ships plough the broad and narrow seas, speculators in cotton and in sugar, mayors and provosts whose portraits adorn town halls, whose names are household words in their own districts, lawyers so eminent that they will not open their mouths in the courts for less than a hundred guineas, need not hope to be received by the House of Commons otherwise than with languid indifference. If they prove to be bores, so much the worse; if they prove not to be bores, so much the better. If they push themselves to the front, it will be by Parliamentary methods; if they remain insignificant, it is only what was to be expected. Never was an assembly so free from all taint of mercenariness as the House of Commons. It doesn't care a snap of its finger whether the income of a new member is 100,000*l.* a year or 3*l.* a week—whether his father was a duke or a blacksmith; its only concern with him is that, if he has anything to say, he may say it, and that if he has nothing to say, he will say nothing.

The House of Commons is often said to be a place of great good-fellowship. Within certain necessarily restricted limits it is. It is difficult to maintain aloofness. You may find yourself serving on a Committee alongside some one whose public utterances or party intrigues you have always regarded with aversion; but it may easily be that you agree with him, not, it may be, as to the Government of Ireland or the sacred principles of Free Trade, but as to the prudence or folly of a particular line of railway, or the necessity of a new water supply for some large town. You hob-a-nob at luncheon, you grumble together over your dinner, you lament the spread of football clubs and brass bands in your respective constituencies; you criticise your leaders, and are soon quite at home in the society of the very man you thought you detested. There is nothing like a common topic to break the ice, and two members of Parliament have always something to talk about. But farther than this it is hard to go. The House is too large.

Amongst an assembly of 670 men well on in life the hand of Death is always busy. Vacancies occur with startling regularity. The only uncertainty is, who is to drop out of the ranks. 'Death of a Member of Parliament' is a common announcement on the placards of the evening papers; and then the thriftiest of Scotch members fumbles for his bawbee, buys the paper, stops under the next lamp-post to see who it is who has gone, whose figure will no more be seen in the Tea-room and the Lobby. Whoever it is, big man or little, a silent member or a talkative one, a wise man or a fool, his place will soon be filled up, and his party Whip will be heard moving for a new writ to issue for the Borough of Small-Talk in the place of Jeremiah Jones, deceased. 'Poor Jones!' we all say; 'not a bad fellow, Jones; I suppose Brown will get the seat this time.'

I know no place where the great truth that no man is necessary is brought home to the mind so remorselessly, and yet so refreshingly, as the House of Commons. Over even the greatest reputations it closes with barely a bubble. And yet the vanity of politicians is enormous. Lord Melbourne, you will remember, when asked his opinion of men, replied, with his accustomed expletive, which I omit as unfit for the ear of Cowdenbeath, 'Good fellows, very good fellows, but vain, very vain.'

There is a great deal of vanity, both expressed and concealed, in the House of Commons. I often wonder why, for I cannot imagine a place where men so habitually disregard each other's feelings, so openly trample on each other's egotisms. You rise to address the House. The Speaker calls on you by name. You begin your speech. Hardly are you through with the first sentence when your oldest friend, your college chum, the man you have appointed guardian of your infant children, rises in his place, gives you a stony stare, and, seizing his hat in his hand, ostentatiously walks out of the House, as much as to say, 'I can stand many things, but not this.'

Whilst speaking in the House I have never failed to notice one man, at all events, who was paying me the compliment of the closest attention, who never took his eyes off me, who hung upon my words, on whom everything I was saying seemed to be making the greatest impression. In my early days I used to address myself to this man, and try my best to make my discourse worthy of his attention; but sad experience has taught me that this solitary auditor is not in the least interested either in me or in my speech, and that the only reason why he listens so intently and

eyes me so closely is because he has made up his mind to follow me, and is eager to leap to his feet, in the hope of catching the Speaker's eye, the very moment I sit down. Yet, for all this, vanity thrives in the House—though what it feeds on I cannot say. We are all anxious to exaggerate our own importance, and desperately anxious to make reputations for ourselves and to have our names associated with some subject—to pose as its patron and friend. On great Parliamentary nights these vanities, from which even our leaders are not wholly exempt, are very conspicuous. On such occasions the House of Commons has reminded me of a great drying ground, where all the clothes of a neighbourhood may be seen fluttering in a gale of wind. There are night gowns and shirts and petticoats so distended and distorted by the breeze as to seem the garments of a race of giants, rather than of poor mortal man; even the stockings of some slim maiden, when puffed out by the lawless wind, assume dropsical proportions. But the wind sinks, having done its task, and then the matter-of-fact washerwoman unpegs the garments, sprinkles them with water, and ruthlessly passes over them her flat-irons, and, lo and behold! these giant's robes are reduced to their familiar, domestic, and insignificant proportions.

A marked characteristic of the House of Commons is its generosity. We have heard far too much lately of contending jealousies. The only thing the House is really jealous of is its own reputation. If a member, no matter who he is, or where he sits, or what he says, makes a good speech and creates a powerful impression, nobody is more delighted, more expansively and effusively delighted, than Sir William Harcourt. On such occasions he glows with generosity. And this is equally true of Mr. Balfour, and indeed of the whole House, which invariably welcomes talent and rejoices over growing reputations.

Members of Parliament may be divided into two classes: Front Bench men and Back Bench men. The former are those who fill or have filled posts in an Administration, and they sit either on the Government Bench or on the Front Opposition Bench. These personages enjoy certain privileges, and the most obvious of these privileges is that they speak with a table in front of them, whereby they are enabled cunningly to conceal their notes. Now, the private or Back Bench member has no place in which to conceal his notes, save his hat, a structure ill fitted for the purpose. Another of the privileges of a Front Bench man is that he has, or is supposed to have, a right of intervention in

debate just when he chooses. This is an enormous advantage. Just consider the unhappy fate of a private member who is anxious to speak during an important debate. He prepares his speech, and comes down to the House with it concealed about his person. He hides his time; an excellent opportunity occurs; nobody has as yet said what he is going to say; he rises in his place; but, alas! fifteen other members with fifteen other speeches in their pockets rise too, and the Speaker calls on one of them, and down falls our unhappy member, to wait another opportunity. This may happen frequently, and often does happen fifteen or sixteen times. He has to sit still and hear other men mangle his arguments, quote his quotations. Night follows night, and the speech remains undelivered, festering in his brain, polluting his mind. At last he gets his chance—the Speaker calls out his name; but by this time he has got sick of the subject—it has grown weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. He has lost his interest, and soon loses the thread of his discourse; he flounders and flops, has recourse to his hat, repeats himself, grows hot and uncomfortable, forgets his best points, and finally sits down dejected, discouraged, disappointed. And all the time his wife is in the Ladies' Gallery gnashing her teeth at the poor figure he is cutting! No wonder he hates the Front Bench man. But there are gradations in the Front Bench. Between the leaders of the House, who bag all the best moments, and the humble Under Secretary or Civil Lord there is a great gulf fixed. These latter gentry are not allowed to speak at all, except on matters relating to their departments, or when they are told off to speak by the leader. Nothing is more amusing than to notice the entire eclipse of some notorious chatterbox who has been given some minor post in an Administration. Before he took office he was chirping on every bough; hardly a night passed but his sweet voice was to be heard. After he has taken office he frequently has to hold his tongue for a whole session. Poor fellow! he will sometimes buttonhole you in the Lobby, and almost tearfully complain of the irksomeness of office, and tell you how he longs for the hour of emancipation, when once more his voice, like that of the turtle, shall be heard in the land. If you gently remind him of the salary he draws, and hint that it may be some consolation even for silence, ten to one he walks away in a huff, and attributes your innocent remarks to jealousy. Between the Front Bench and the Back Bench there has always been a feud. Front Bench men of the first rank are too apt, so it is said, to regard the House of Commons as a show run for their

benefit, to look upon themselves as a race of actor-managers who arrange the playbill, and divide all the best parts among themselves. The traditions of Parliament foster this idea. But the Back Bench men are not always in the mood to submit to be for ever either the audience or the supernumeraries, and, whenever they get the chance of asserting themselves against their leaders, they take it. But in public they seldom get the chance, so they have to content themselves with being as disagreeable in private as they possibly can. What I think is a just complaint, frequently made by Back Benchers, relates to the habit Parliamentary leaders of late have greatly indulged in, of occupying an enormous amount of time abusing one another for past inconsistencies of conduct. These amenities, sometimes called *tu quoques*, or 'You are another,' are infinitely wearisome, and proceed upon the mistaken assumption that the House of Commons greatly concerns itself with the political reputation of its leaders. It does nothing of the sort. What it wants is leaders who can make business go, who will show sport, and lead their hounds across a good line of country.

As a Back Benchman, the only real complaint I have to make is of the woeful waste of time. One goes down to the House every day—Saturdays and Wednesdays excepted—at 4 o'clock, and you are supposed to remain there till midnight. On Wednesdays the House meets at 12 and adjourns at 5.30. What do we do all this time? To be interested in everything that is going on is flatly impossible. A quantity of the business is of a local character, dealing with places and schemes of which we know and can know nothing. Then there are terribly protracted debates on the second readings of Bills, occasionally interesting, but necessarily full of repetitions. I do not well see how this is to be prevented; but it is a shocking infliction. The Committee stage of a Bill you have really mastered is interesting and instructive, but even this stage is too protracted; and then comes a later stage—the report stage—when a great deal is said all over again; and even this is frequently followed by a debate on the third reading. Of course you are not in the House all the time. There is the Library, the Tea-room, and the Smoking-room, where you may play chess and draughts, but no other game whatsoever. But nobody does anything vehemently. An air of languor pervades the whole place. Listlessness abounds. Members stroll from one room to another, turn over the newspapers, and yawn in each other's faces. In the summer months, the Terrace by the riverside has been recently converted into

a kind of watering place. From five o'clock to seven it is crowded with fine ladies and country cousins drinking tea and devouring strawberries. Occasionally some Parliamentary person of importance will choose to stalk by, and even—such is the affability of true greatness—have a cup of tea with a party of friends. A poorer way of killing time has not, I think, yet been discovered; but it is convincing proof of the *ennui* of Parliamentary life.

The great problem of Ministers is the reform of the rules of the House of Commons—how to make the House at once a deliberative and yet a business-like assembly.

And yet men do not willingly strike off the chains of this slavery. A private member of Parliament nowadays gets nothing, neither pudding nor praise, in exchange for his time and his money. Patronage he has absolutely none—not a single place, even in the Post Office, to give away. Nor has he a single privilege that I am aware of. His routine duties on committees are onerous, nor are his opportunities of making speeches, if he wishes to do so, otherwise than few and far between. His leaders treat him with frigid civility, and nobody cares for a letter from him unless it incloses a postal order for at least ten shillings. And yet the labour of winning a seat and of retaining a seat is very great; nor is the expense insignificant.

When one thinks of all the different ways of spending 700*l.*, a Parliamentary election does not obviously strike you as being one of the most delightful. It may be said you have the opportunity of legislating on your own account. You may bring in a Bill of your own, and have the satisfaction of hearing it read a third time. Hardly is this true. In former days some of the most useful laws in the Statute Book were pioneered through the House by private members. But now, so greedy have Governments become, that they take nearly all the time available for legislative purposes, and, unless the private member gets the first place in the ballot, he has not a chance of carrying any measure through if it excites the least opposition. But when all is said and done the House of Commons is a fascinating place. It has one great passion, one genuine feeling, and that is, to represent and give practical expression to the mind of the whole nation. It has no prejudices in this matter, for it has no existence independent of its creators. It has nothing to do with the choice of its component parts. The constituencies may send up whom they choose, but these persons, when they do come up, must not expect to be hailed as 'Saviours

of Society.' No; they must be content to be parts of a whole, to give and take, to hear their pet creeds, faiths and fancies, rudely questioned, tested, and weighed. A great nation will never consent to be dominated either by a sect or by an interest. And yet, if the House of Commons has a leaning to any particular class of member—which by rights it ought not to have—it is for an increased direct representation of the wage-earning community. I hope such representatives may be forthcoming in greater numbers as time goes on. But if they are to do any good in the House of Commons they must go there, not as conquering heroes to whom the unknown future belongs, but as Britons anxious to contribute out of their special knowledge, from their hived experience, to the collective wisdom of the nation; they must be willing to learn as well as to teach, to increase the stock of their information, to acknowledge mistakes, to widen their views; and above all must they recognise that the mighty river of our national existence, if it is to continue to flow as triumphantly as before, must continue to be fed by many tributary streams.

There are, I know, those who affect to believe that representative assemblies do not stand where they did, and that the day of their doom is not far distant. I see no reason to believe anything of the kind, for, scan the horizon as you may, you cannot discover what there is to take their place. We have no mind for military despotisms, even if we had a military hero. Nor are we disposed to believe in the superior wisdom of that so-called statesmanship which is manufactured in Government offices. What are we seeing to-day? A far-vaunted Eastern policy for the maintenance of the Turkish Empire and the repression of Russia—a policy born in the Foreign Office, nurtured by a succession of wiseacres; a policy which cost us 60,000 soldiers and 100 millions of money in the Crimean War, lies dead and dishonoured, and the dissolution of the Turkish Empire simply waits for the word of the Czar of Russia, now by common consent the dominant power in Europe. Better by far the occasional mistakes of a free people and a popular assembly than the deadly and persistent errors of diplomatists and hereditary statesmen. The House of Commons will, I cannot doubt, be still going on when the twentieth century breathes its last. Change it will know, and reform; but, founded as it is upon a rational and manly system of representation, why should it not always continue to reflect, cautiously but truthfully, the mind and will of the British people?

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

*THE LAGOON.<sup>1</sup>*

THE white man, leaning with both arms over the roof of the little house in the stern of the boat, said to the steersman—

‘We will pass the night in Arsat’s clearing. It is late.’

The Malay only grunted, and went on looking fixedly at the river. The white man rested his chin on his crossed arms and gazed at the wake of the boat. At the end of the straight avenue of forests cut by the intense glitter of the river, the sun appeared unclouded and dazzling, poised low over the water that shone smoothly like a band of metal. The forests, sombre and dull, stood motionless and silent on each side of the broad stream. At the foot of big, towering trees, trunkless nipa palms rose from the mud of the bank, in bunches of leaves enormous and heavy, that hung unstirring over the brown swirl of eddies. In the stillness of the air every tree, every leaf, every bough, every tendril of creeper and every petal of minute blossoms seemed to have been bewitched into an immobility perfect and final. Nothing moved on the river but the eight paddles that rose flashing regularly, dipped together with a single splash; while the steersman swept right and left with a periodic and sudden flourish of his blade describing a glinting semicircle above his head. The churned-up water frothed alongside with a confused murmur. And the white man’s canoe, advancing up stream in the short-lived disturbance of its own making, seemed to enter the portals of a land from which the very memory of motion had for ever departed.

The white man, turning his back upon the setting sun, looked along the empty and broad expanse of the sea-reach. For the last three miles of its course the wandering, hesitating river, as if enticed irresistibly by the freedom of an open horizon, flows straight into the sea, flows straight to the east—to the east that harbours both light and darkness. Astern of the boat the repeated call of some bird, a cry discordant and feeble, skipped along over the smooth water and lost itself, before it could reach the other shore, in the breathless silence of the world.

The steersman dug his paddle into the stream, and held hard with stiffened arms, his body thrown forward. The water gurgled aloud; and suddenly the long straight reach seemed to pivot on

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in the United States of America, 1897, by J. Conrad.

its centre, the forests swung in a semicircle, and the slanting beams of sunset touched the broadside of the canoe with a fiery glow, throwing the slender and distorted shadows of its crew upon the streaked glitter of the river. The white man turned to look ahead. The course of the boat had been altered at right-angles to the stream, and the carved dragon-head of its prow was pointing now at a gap in the fringing bushes of the bank. It glided through, brushing the overhanging twigs, and disappeared from the river like some slim and amphibious creature leaving the water for its lair in the forests.

The narrow creek was like a ditch : tortuous, fabulously deep ; filled with gloom under the thin strip of pure and shining blue of the heaven. Immense trees soared up, invisible behind the festooned draperies of creepers. Here and there, near the glistening blackness of the water, a twisted root of some tall tree showed amongst the tracery of small ferns, black and dull, writhing and motionless, like an arrested snake. The short words of the paddlers reverberated loudly between the thick and sombre walls of vegetation. Darkness oozed out from between the trees, through the tangled maze of the creepers, from behind the great fantastic and unstirring leaves ; the darkness, mysterious and invincible ; the darkness scented and poisonous of impenetrable forests.

The men poled in the shoaling water. The creek broadened, opening out into a wide sweep of a stagnant lagoon. The forests receded from the marshy bank, leaving a level strip of bright-green, reedy grass to frame the reflected blueness of the sky. A fleecy pink cloud drifted high above, trailing the delicate colouring of its image under the floating leaves and the silvery blossoms of the lotus. A little house, perched on high piles, appeared black in the distance. Near it, two tall nibong palms, that seemed to have come out of the forests in the background, leaned slightly over the ragged roof, with a suggestion of sad tenderness and care in the droop of their leafy and soaring heads.

The steersman, pointing with his paddle, said, 'Arsat is there. I see his canoe fast between the piles.'

The polers ran along the sides of the boat glancing over their shoulders at the end of the day's journey. They would have preferred to spend the night somewhere else than on this lagoon of weird aspect and ghostly reputation. Moreover, they disliked Arsat, first as a stranger, and also because he who repairs a ruined house, and dwells in it, proclaims that he is not afraid to live

amongst the spirits that haunt the places abandoned by mankind. Such a man can disturb the course of fate by glances or words; while his familiar ghosts are not easy to propitiate by casual wayfarers upon whom they long to wreak the malice of their human master. White men care not for such things, being unbelievers and in league with the Father of Evil, who leads them unharmed through the invisible dangers of this world. To the warnings of the righteous they oppose an offensive pretence of disbelief. What is there to be done?

So they thought, throwing their weight on the end of their long poles. The big canoe glided on swiftly, noiselessly and smoothly, towards Arsat's clearing, till, in a great rattling of poles thrown down, and the loud murmurs of 'Allah be praised!' it came with a gentle knock against the crooked piles below the house.

The boatmen with uplifted faces shouted discordantly, 'Arsat! O Arsat!' Nobody came. The white man began to climb the rude ladder giving access to the bamboo platform before the house. The juragan of the boat said sulkily, 'We will cook in the sampan, and sleep on the water.'

'Pass my blankets and the basket,' said the white man curtly.

He knelt on the edge of the platform to receive the bundle. Then the boat shoved off, and the white man, standing up, confronted Arsat, who had come out through the low door of his hut. He was a man young, powerful, with a broad chest and muscular arms. He had nothing on but his sarong. His head was bare. His big, soft eyes stared eagerly at the white man, but his voice and demeanour were composed as he asked, without any words of greeting—

'Have you medicine, Tuan?'

'No,' said the visitor in a startled tone. 'No. Why? Is there sickness in the house?'

'Enter and see,' replied Arsat, in the same calm manner, and turning short round, passed again through the small doorway. The white man, dropping his bundles, followed.

In the dim light of the dwelling he made out on a couch of bamboos a woman stretched on her back under a broad sheet of red cotton cloth. She lay still, as if dead; but her big eyes, wide open, glittered in the gloom, staring upwards at the slender rafters, motionless and unseeing. She was in a high fever, and evidently unconscious. Her cheeks were sunk slightly, her lips were partly open, and on the young face there was the ominous

and fixed expression—the absorbed, contemplating expression of the unconscious who are going to die. The two men stood looking down at her in silence.

‘Has she been long ill?’ asked the traveller.

‘I have not slept for five nights,’ answered the Malay, in a deliberate tone. ‘At first she heard voices calling her from the water and struggled against me who held her. But since the sun of to-day rose she hears nothing—she hears not me. She sees nothing. She sees not me—me!’

He remained silent for a minute, then asked softly—

‘Tuan, will she die?’

‘I fear so,’ said the white man sorrowfully. He had known Arsat years ago, in a far country in times of trouble and danger, when no friendship is to be despised. And since his Malay friend had come unexpectedly to dwell in the hut on the lagoon with a strange woman, he had slept many times there, in his journeys up or down the river. He liked the man who knew how to keep faith in council and how to fight without fear by the side of his white friend. He liked him—not so much perhaps as a man likes his favourite dog—but still he liked him well enough to help and ask no questions, to think sometimes vaguely and hazily in the midst of his own pursuits, about the lonely man and the long-haired woman with audacious face and triumphant eyes, who lived together hidden by the forests—alone and feared.

The white man came out of the hut in time to see the enormous conflagration of sunset put out by the swift and stealthy shadows that, rising like a black and impalpable vapour above the tree-tops, spread over the heaven, extinguishing the crimson glow of floating clouds and the red brilliance of departing daylight. In a few moments all the stars came out above the intense blackness of the earth, and the great lagoon gleaming suddenly with reflected lights resembled an oval patch of night-sky flung down into the hopeless and abysmal night of the wilderness. The white man had some supper out of the basket, then collecting a few sticks that lay about the platform, made up a small fire, not for warmth, but for the sake of the smoke, which would keep off the mosquitos. He wrapped himself in his blankets and sat with his back against the reed wall of the house, smoking thoughtfully.

Arsat came through the doorway with noiseless steps and squatted down by the fire. The white man moved his outstretched legs a little.

'She breathes,' said Arsat in a low voice, anticipating the expected question. 'She breathes and burns as if with a great fire. She speaks not; she hears not—and burns!'

He paused for a moment, then asked in a quiet, incurious tone—

'Tuan . . . will she die?'

The white man moved his shoulders uneasily, and muttered in a hesitating manner—

'If such is her fate.'

'No, Tuan,' said Arsat calmly. 'If such is my fate. I hear, I see, I wait. I remember . . . Tuan, do you remember the old days? Do you remember my brother?'

'Yes,' said the white man. The Malay rose suddenly and went in. The other, sitting still outside, could hear the voice in the hut. Arsat said: 'Hear me! Speak!' His words were succeeded by a complete silence. 'O! Diamelen!' he cried suddenly. After that cry there was a deep sigh. Arsat came out and sank down again in his old place.

They sat in silence before the fire. There was no sound within the house, there was no sound near them; but far away on the lagoon they could hear the voices of the boatmen ringing fitful and distinct on the calm water. The fire in the bows of the sampan shone faintly in the distance with a hazy red glow. Then it died out. The voices ceased. The land and the water slept invisible, unstirring and mute. It was as though there had been nothing left in the world but the glitter of stars streaming, ceaseless and vain, through the black stillness of the night.

The white man gazed straight before him into the darkness with wide-open eyes. The fear and fascination, the inspiration and the wonder of death—of death near, unavoidable and unseen, soothed the unrest of his race and stirred the most indistinct, the most intimate of his thoughts. The ever-ready suspicion of evil, the gnawing suspicion that lurks in our hearts, flowed out into the stillness round him—into the stillness profound and dumb, and made it appear untrustworthy and infamous, like the placid and impenetrable mask of an unjustifiable violence. In that fleeting and powerful disturbance of his being the earth enfolded in the starlight peace became a shadowy country of inhuman strife, a battle-field of phantoms terrible and charming, august or ignoble, struggling ardently for the possession of our helpless hearts. An unquiet and mysterious country of inextinguishable desires and fears.

A plaintive murmur rose in the night; a murmur saddening and startling, as if the great solitudes of surrounding woods had tried to whisper into his ear the wisdom of their immense and lofty indifference. Sounds hesitating and vague floated in the air round him, shaped themselves slowly into words; and at last flowed on gently in a murmuring stream of soft and monotonous sentences. He stirred like a man waking up and changed his position slightly. Arsat, motionless and shadowy, sitting with bowed head under the stars, was speaking in a low and dreamy tone.

‘ . . . for where can we lay down the heaviness of our trouble but in a friend’s heart? A man must speak of war and of love. You, Tuan, know what war is, and you have seen me in time of danger seek death as other men seek life! A writing may be lost; a lie may be written; but what the eye has seen is truth and remains in the mind!’

‘I remember,’ said the white man quietly. Arsat went on with mournful composure.

‘Therefore I shall speak to you of love. Speak in the night. Speak before both night and love are gone—and the eye of day looks upon my sorrow and my shame; upon my blackened face; upon my burnt-up heart.’

A sigh, short and faint, marked an almost imperceptible pause, and then his words flowed on, without a stir, without a gesture.

‘After the time of trouble and war was over and you went away from my country in the pursuit of your desires, which we, men of the islands, cannot understand, I and my brother became again, as we had been before, the sword-bearers of the Ruler. You know we were men of family, belonging to a ruling race, and more fit than any to carry on our right shoulder the emblem of power. And in the time of prosperity Si Dendring showed us favour, as we, in time of sorrow, had showed to him the faithfulness of our courage. It was a time of peace. A time of deer-hunts and cock-fights; of idle talks and foolish squabbles between men whose bellies are full and weapons are rusty. But the sower watched the young rice-shoots grow up without fear, and the traders came and went, departed lean and returned fat into the river of peace. They brought news too. Brought lies and truth mixed together, so that no man knew when to rejoice and when to be sorry. We heard from them about you also. They had seen you here and had seen you there. And I was glad to hear,

for I remembered the stirring times, and I always remembered you, Tuan, till the time came when my eyes could see nothing in the past, because they had looked upon the one who is dying there—in the house.'

He stopped to exclaim in an intense whisper, 'O Mara bahia! O Calamity!' then went on speaking a little louder.

'There's no worse enemy and no better friend than a brother, Tuan, for one brother knows another, and in perfect knowledge is strength for good or evil. I loved my brother. I went to him and told him that I could see nothing but one face, hear nothing but one voice. He told me: "Open your heart so that she can see what is in it—and wait. Patience is wisdom. Inchi Midah may die or our Ruler may throw off his fear of a woman!" . . . I waited! . . . You remember the lady with the veiled face, Tuan, and the fear of our Ruler before her cunning and temper. And if she wanted her servant, what could I do? But I fed the hunger of my heart on short glances and stealthy words. I loitered on the path to the bath-houses in the daytime, and when the sun had fallen behind the forest I crept along the jasmine hedges of the women's courtyard. Unseeing, we spoke to one another through the scent of flowers, through the veil of leaves, through the blades of long grass that stood still before our lips: so great was our prudence, so faint was the murmur of our great longing. The time passed swiftly . . . and there were whispers amongst women—and our enemies watched—my brother was gloomy, and I began to think of killing and of a fierce death. . . . We are of a people who take what they want—like you whites. There is a time when a man should forget loyalty and respect. Might and authority are given to rulers, but to all men is given love and strength and courage. My brother said, "You shall take her from their midst. We are two who are like one." And I answered, "Let it be soon, for I find no warmth in sunlight that does not shine upon her." Our time came when the Ruler and all the great people went to the mouth of the river to fish by torchlight. There were hundreds of boats, and on the white sand, between the water and the forests, dwellings of leaves were built for the households of the Rajahs. The smoke of cooking-fires was like a blue mist of the evening, and many voices rang in it joyfully. While they were making the boats ready to beat up the fish, my brother came to me and said, "To-night!" I made ready my weapons, and when the time came our canoe took its place in the circle of boats

carrying the torches. The lights blazed on the water, but behind the boats there was darkness. When the shouting began and the excitement made them like mad we dropped out. The water swallowed our fire, and we floated back to the shore that was dark with only here and there the glimmer of embers. We could hear the talk of slave-girls amongst the sheds. Then we found a place deserted and silent. We waited there. She came. She came running along the shore, rapid and leaving no trace, like a leaf driven by the wind into the sea. My brother said gloomily, "Go and take her; carry her into our boat." I lifted her in my arms. She panted. Her heart was beating against my breast. I said, "I take you from those people. You came to the cry of my heart, but my arms take you into my boat against the will of the great!" "It is right," said my brother. "We are men who take what we want and can hold it against many. We should have taken her in daylight." I said, "Let us be off;" for since she was in my boat I began to think of our Ruler's many men. "Yes. Let us be off," said my brother. "We are cast out and this boat is our country now—and the sea is our refuge." He lingered with his foot on the shore, and I entreated him to hasten, for I remembered the strokes of her heart against my breast and thought that two men cannot withstand a hundred. We left, paddling downstream close to the bank; and as we passed by the creek where they were fishing, the great shouting had ceased, but the murmur of voices was loud like the humming of insects flying at noonday. The boats floated, clustered together, in the red light of torches, under a black roof of smoke; and men talked of their sport. Men that boasted, and praised, and jeered—men that would have been our friends in the morning, but on that night were already our enemies. We paddled swiftly past. We had no more friends in the country of our birth. She sat in the middle of the canoe with covered face; silent as she is now; unseeing as she is now—and I had no regret at what I was leaving because I could hear her breathing close to me—as I can hear her now.'

He paused, listened with his ear turned to the doorway, then shook his head and went on.

'My brother wanted to shout the cry of challenge—one cry only—to let the people know we were freeborn robbers that trusted our arms and the great sea. And again I begged him in the name of our love to be silent. Could I not hear her breathing close to me? I knew the pursuit would come quick enough. My brother

loved me. He dipped his paddle without a splash. He only said, "There is half a man in you now—the other half is in that woman. I can wait. When you are a whole man again, you will come back with me here to shout defiance. We are sons of the same mother." I made no answer. All my strength and all my spirit were in my hands that held the paddle—for I longed to be with her in a safe place beyond the reach of men's anger and of women's spite. My love was so great, that I thought it could guide me to a country where death was unknown, if I could only escape from Inchi Midah's spite and from our Ruler's sword. We paddled with fury, breathing through our teeth. The blades bit deep into the smooth water. We passed out of the river; we flew in clear channels amongst the shallows. We skirted the black coast; we skirted the sand beaches where the sea speaks in whispers to the land; and the gleam of white sand flashed back past our boat, so swiftly she ran upon the water. We spoke not. Only once I said, "Sleep, Diamelen, for soon you may want all your strength." I heard the sweetness of her voice, but I never turned my head. The sun rose and still we went on. Water fell from my face like rain from a cloud. We flew in the light and heat. I never looked back, but I knew that my brother's eyes, behind me, were looking steadily ahead, for the boat went as straight as a bushman's dart, when it leaves the end of the sumpitan. There was no better paddler, no better steersman than my brother. Many times, together, we had won races in that canoe. But we never had put out our strength as we did then—then, when for the last time we paddled together! There was no braver or stronger man in our country than my brother. I could not spare the strength to turn my head and look at him, but every moment I heard the hiss of his breath getting louder behind me. Still he did not speak. The sun was high. The heat clung to my back like a flame of fire. My ribs were ready to burst, but I could no longer get enough air into my chest. And then I felt I must cry out with my last breath, "Let us rest!" "Good!" he answered; and his voice was firm. He was strong. He was brave. He knew not fear and no fatigue . . . My brother!

A rumour powerful and gentle, a rumour vast and faint; the rumour of trembling leaves, of stirring boughs, ran through the tangled depths of the forests, ran over the starry smoothness of the lagoon, and the water between the piles lapped the slimy timber once with a sudden splash. A breath of warm air touched the

two men's faces and passed on with a mournful sound—a breath loud and short like an uneasy sigh of the dreaming earth.

Arsat went on in an even, low voice.

‘We ran our canoe on the white beach of a little bay close to a long tongue of land that seemed to bar our road; a long wooded cape going far into the sea. My brother knew that place. Beyond the cape a river has its entrance. Through the jungle of that land there is a narrow path. We made a fire and cooked rice. Then we slept on the soft sand in the shade of our canoe, while she watched. No sooner had I closed my eyes than I heard her cry of alarm. We leaped up. The sun was halfway down the sky already, and coming in sight in the opening of the bay we saw a prau manned by many paddlers. We knew it at once; it was one of our Rajah's praus. They were watching the shore, and saw us. They beat the gong, and turned the head of the prau into the bay. I felt my heart become weak within my breast. Diamelen sat on the sand and covered her face. There was no escape by sea. My brother laughed. He had the gun you had given him, Tuan, before you went away, but there was only a handful of powder. He spoke to me quickly: “Run with her along the path. I shall keep them back, for they have no firearms, and landing in the face of a man with a gun is certain death for some. Run with her. On the other side of that wood there is a fisherman's house—and a canoe. When I have fired all the shots I will follow. I am a great runner, and before they can come up we shall be gone. I will hold out as long as I can, for she is but a woman—that can neither run nor fight, but she has your heart in her weak hands.” He dropped behind the canoe. The prau was coming. She and I ran, and as we rushed along the path I heard shots. My brother fired—once—twice—and the booming of the gong ceased. There was silence behind us. That neck of land is narrow. Before I heard my brother fire the third shot I saw the shelving shore, and I saw the water again: the mouth of a broad river. We crossed a grassy glade. We ran down to the water. I saw a low hut above the black mud, and a small canoe hauled up. I heard another shot behind me. I thought, “That is his last charge.” We rushed down to the canoe; a man came running from the hut, but I leaped on him, and we rolled together in the mud. Then I got up, and he lay still at my feet. I don't know whether I had killed him or not. I and Diamelen pushed the canoe afloat. I heard yells behind me, and I saw my brother run across the glade.

Many men were bounding after him. I took her in my arms and threw her into the boat, then leaped in myself. When I looked back I saw that my brother had fallen. He fell and was up again, but the men were closing round him. He shouted, "I am coming!" The men were close to him. I looked. Many men. Then I looked at her. Tuan, I pushed the canoe! I pushed it into deep water. She was kneeling forward looking at me, and I said, "Take your paddle," while I struck the water with mine. Tuan, I heard him cry. I heard him cry my name twice; and I heard voices shouting, "Kill! Strike!" I never turned back. I heard him calling my name again with a great shriek, as when life is going out together with the voice—and I never turned my head. My own name! . . . My brother! Three times he called—but I was not afraid of life. Was she not there in that canoe? And could I not with her find a country where death is forgotten—where death is unknown?'

The white man sat up. Arsat rose and stood, an indistinct and silent figure above the dying embers of the fire. Over the lagoon a mist drifting and low had crept, erasing slowly the glittering images of the stars. And now a great expanse of white vapour covered the land: flowed cold and grey in the darkness, eddied in noiseless whirls round the tree-trunks and about the platform of the house, which seemed to float upon a restless and impalpable illusion of a sea; seemed the only thing surviving the destruction of the world by that undulating and voiceless phantom of a flood. Only far away the tops of the trees stood outlined on the twinkle of heaven, like a sombre and forbidding shore—a coast deceptive, pitiless and black.

Arsat's voice vibrated loudly in the profound peace.

'I had her there! I had her! To get her I would have faced all mankind. But I had her—and——'

His words went out ringing into the empty distances. He paused, and seemed to listen to them dying away very far—beyond help and beyond recall. Then he said quietly—

'Tuan, I loved my brother.'

A breath of wind made him shiver. High above his head, high above the silent sea of mist the drooping leaves of the palms rattled together with a mournful and expiring sound. The white man stretched his legs. His chin rested on his chest, and he murmured sadly without lifting his head—

'We all love our brothers.'

Arsat burst out with an intense whispering violence—

‘What did I care who died? I wanted peace in my own heart.’

He seemed to hear a stir in the house—listened—then stepped in noiselessly. The white man stood up. A breeze was coming in fitful puffs. The stars shone paler as if they had retreated into the frozen depths of immense space. After a chill gust of wind there were a few seconds of perfect calm and absolute silence. Then from behind the black and wavy line of the forests a column of golden light shot up into the heavens and spread over the semi-circle of the eastern horizon. The sun had risen. The mist lifted, broke into drifting patches, vanished into thin flying wreaths; and the unveiled lagoon lay, polished and black, in the heavy shadows at the foot of the wall of trees. A white eagle rose over it with a slanting and ponderous flight, reached the clear sunshine and appeared dazzlingly brilliant for a moment, then soaring higher, became a dark and motionless speck before it vanished into the blue as if it had left the earth for ever. The white man, standing gazing upwards before the doorway, heard in the hut a confused and broken murmur of distracted words ending with a loud groan. Suddenly Arsat stumbled out with outstretched hands, shivered, and stood still for some time with fixed eyes. Then he said—

‘She burns no more.’

Before his face the sun showed its edge above the tree-tops, rising steadily. The breeze freshened; a great brilliance burst upon the lagoon, sparkled on the rippling water. The forests came out of the clear shadows of the morning, became distinct, as if they had rushed nearer—to stop short in a great stir of leaves, of nodding boughs, of swaying branches. In the merciless sunshine the whisper of unconscious life grew louder, speaking in an incomprehensible voice round the dumb darkness of that human sorrow. Arsat’s eyes wandered slowly, then stared at the rising sun.

‘I can see nothing,’ he said half aloud to himself.

‘There is nothing,’ said the white man, moving to the edge of the platform and waving his hand to his boat. A shout came faintly over the lagoon and the sampan began to glide towards the abode of the friend of ghosts.

‘If you want to come with me, I will wait all the morning,’ said the white man, looking away upon the water.

‘No, Tuan,’ said Arsat softly. ‘I shall not eat or sleep in this house, but I must first see my road. Now I can see nothing

—see nothing! There is no light and no peace in the world; but there is death—death for many. We were sons of the same mother—and I left him in the midst of enemies; but I am going back now.'

He drew a long breath and went on in a dreamy tone.

'In a little while I shall see clear enough to strike—to strike. But she has died, and . . . now . . . darkness.'

He flung his arms wide open, let them fall along his body, then stood still with unmoved face and stony eyes, staring at the sun. The white man got down into his canoe. The polers ran smartly along the sides of the boat, looking over their shoulders at the beginning of a weary journey. High in the stern, his head muffled up in white rags, the juragan sat moody, letting his paddle trail in the water. The white man, leaning with both arms over the grass roof of the little cabin, looked back at the shining ripple of the boat's wake. Before the sampan passed out of the lagoon into the creek he lifted his eyes. Arsat had not moved. In the searching clearness of crude sunshine he was still standing before the house, he was still looking through the great light of a cloudless day into the hopeless darkness of the world.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

### CONCERNING TEA.

MEN'S tea, I think, excels women's. Taking them as a whole one may say that no class of men make such good tea as undergraduates. Time is theirs; conveniences are to hand; and though they are young and ardent, haste and enthusiasm are bad form. Hence the brew has a dignity, a gravity, a composure worthy of it. There is something Asiatic about the reserved undergraduate—and to-day the conscious ones are all reserved—that stimulates tea to do its best for him. Later in life, when he has left the university and met a woman, the undergraduate becomes again an Occidental. These undergraduate tea connoisseurs are a development of the last few years. The invitation, 'Look in this afternoon and try my new Orange Pekoe,' to which grey walls, stained by the stress of centuries, now re-echo, would strike dismay to the heart of Cuthbert Bede. The average undergraduate as soon misses his tobacco as his tea. He presides over the teapot with the air of Roger Bacon in his laboratory. Men always bring to a culinary feat this interested manner a little touched by mystery. To the woman it is natural; to the man it is ex-orbitant, and, partially, a lark.

Just as men are more intimately interested than women in the making of tea, so are they more subtly conscious of its merits. Women do not discriminate so intelligently. Tea to them is tea; tea to a man is China, or Indian, or Ceylon, or a blend. This is because men buy tea, as a rule, only when they are single, and women buy it with the housekeeping money. It is not for men but for families that polysyllabic brands are put upon the market. Individual men remain faithful to the costly varieties—'golden-tipped,' 'overland borne,' and the like. For women, for women, does Arabi Pasha beguile the tedium of exile by overlooking plantations in Ceylon; for women, for women, are artists employed to delineate aged grandmothers in the act of being reminded of the delicious teas of thirty years ago. That is why men who understand offer you better tea than women. They also send round the sugar and milk (connoisseurs care nothing for cream) for individual use. Women are only just learning that this is a more excellent way than to ask, 'Do you take sugar?'—

'And milk?' Moreover, men—bless them for it—hate sugar tongs. There was a time when to refuse sugar was to write oneself High Church, but to-day the fashion is all against it; and yet, as a learned professor wistfully remarked, as guest after guest rejected the proffered bowl, 'Sugar is an excellent creature.' Milk is treated more leniently, but there is a lamentable tendency abroad to call it cream. The poet Wordsworth, by the way (speaking vicariously through Mr. Barry Pain), notes this point in the following simple ballad:

'Come, little cottage girl, you seem  
To want my cup of tea;  
And will you take a little cream?  
Now tell the truth to me.'

She had a rustic, woodland grin,  
Her cheek was soft as silk,  
And she replied, 'Sir, please put in  
A little drop of milk.'

'Why, what put milk into your head?  
'Tis cream my cows supply;'  
And five times to the child I said,  
'Why, pig-head, tell me, why.'

'You call me pig-head,' she replied;  
'My proper name is Ruth.  
I called that milk'—she blushed with pride—  
'You bade me speak the truth.'

Plenty of milk and three lumps suggest nonconformity and blue-ribbonism. A slice of lemon implies that the drinker has been to Russia, or has read something of Tolstoi's. A man who likes tea neat is on the road to become a tea drunkard.

It must not be supposed that the art of appreciating tea is unknown to women. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I knew a venerable lady with whom tea making was almost a religious rite. To her high-backed chair was first brought the caddy—an inlaid casket—and deposited on a table beside her. Then from the depths of a china vase the key was extracted. My hostess assumed her spectacles, and, taking the key, turned it gravely, scooped out spoonfuls heaped high of the fragrant leaves—and they were very fragrant—and tipped them into the silver teapot proffered to her as by a royal cupbearer. Then she closed the lid, locked it, and handed the key to the attendant maid, who first bore it to its abode, and then, returning, carried the caddy reverently before her to its accustomed niche; while her mistress removed her spectacles, and relaxed the tension of her features

until they once more shone with their natural benignancy. Women as a rule take tea more for its efficacy as a restorative than for sheer joy of drinking it. The charge has been brought against them that if left alone they would subsist entirely on tea and cake; and almost one believes it. Now and again we hear of attempts to dethrone tea. At Girton and Newnham, for example, cocoa has entered the lists as a rival. 'Cocoas' are said to be as well attended as 'wines' were in Verdant Green's day. Cocoas!

The wise tea maker is suspicious of elaborate paraphernalia. The best tea is made with a black kettle on the fire, and an earthenware or china teapot. Copper kettles on tripods (heated by tiny spirit stoves that hold too little spirit), silver teapots, and kindred refinements, do not help the leaf. Nor should strainers be desired. Tea requires no 'patents,' least of all a spoon resembling a perforated walnut, alleged to be unrivalled for the preparation of a single cup. A single cup! Who, if the tea were worth drinking, ever wanted but a single cup? Tea should be brewed of the right strength at the first instance, poured out at once into cups and reserved cups (or decanted into another teapot), and then remade. To burden the water with more leaves than it can attend to is thoughtless, and every drop that is afterwards added impairs the flavour of the liquor; notwithstanding the old Scotch lady who recommended a certain brand of leaf, because it had 'such a grip of the thir-r-d water.' Using too little tea is a fault never committed by the unwise and imprudent. The ordinary rule is one spoonful for each guest and one for the pot; but some brands go farther than others. A large pot is imperative. Few things in life are more saddening than the smallness of some people's teapots. The teapot should be warmed for the reception of the leaves. Wetting the tea, as it is called, is a horrid habit; all the water that is required for each brew should be poured in at once on the instant that it boils. Water that has long been boiling is unprofitable and stale, and incapable of extracting from the opening leaf its richest essences. When there has been delay and it is impracticable to boil a full kettle again, it is well to pour into it from a high altitude a little fresh cold water. The more forcible the impact of this new water, the more is the old supply invigorated and fitted to cope worthily with the leaf. During the operation of emptying the kettle into the teapot the two vessels combine to produce a harmony, compared with which much of Beethoven is trivial, most of Mendelssohn beside the

mark. The kettle should then be refilled and placed again on the fire, and after an impressive interval of some three or four minutes, spent by the boiling water within the teapot in the practice of supreme alchemy, the cups may be filled. 'At your ease,' sang the Emperor Kien Long in the poem that is painted on every teapot in China, 'at your ease drink this precious liquor, which chases away the five causes of trouble.'

Tea confers a social rank of its own. A man who sells tea and nothing else occupies a rung in the Grundyan ladder far above him who sells tea and also sugar. Mincing Lane and Park Lane are often on visiting terms, and the scions of noble houses may be 'in tea' without shame. Similarly it is no disgrace to the daughters of Mayfair to serve tea in a West End shop. Some of them perform this action with an air of condescension that reduces the timid man to pulp. He begins with a feeling that he ought to carry the tray for them: he ends in an agony of anxiety as to the propriety of bestowing a tip. A shy friend once told me of the tortures he had suffered in these resorts. 'But I was revenged at last,' he said, 'for an old country fellow and his daughter who had been to the Academy, or Maskelyne and Cook's, or somewhere, came in. When he paid the bill he left an extra sixpence in the patrician's hand. She fixed him with her refrigerating eye, and told him cuttingly that he had paid sixpence too much. 'That's all right,' he said heartily, in a stage whisper; 'that's for you, my dear. Buy yourself a ribbon with it.' I like this story, because tea has not done too much for the humourist. Compared with alcohol it has done nothing; although high-spirited people who adventure upon the golf links are grateful for the opportunity of collocating the tee with the caddy. Fate is ever on the side of the punster: none knows better than the deviser of impromptu witticisms that all things come to him who waits. Lamb's remark to a schoolmaster, who was excessively given to the cup that cheered but never inebriated the poet Cowper, is among the neatest ever made. 'Tu doces,' said he ('Thou tea-chest').

For the full appreciation of afternoon tea there is no preparation to compare with a picture gallery. Certain social critics profess to have discovered that many art galleries exist solely in the interests of neighbouring tea resorts, and the memory of pictures sometimes found on their walls almost inclines one to accept the theory as a fact. It is a compliment to this divine

fluid when the drinker is a little fatigued. But perhaps a cup of tea 'the first thing in the morning' is best of all. Then, pre-eminently, as Browning says, is it the time and the place and the loved one altogether. Tea in one's bedroom is a luxury which brings the humble person into line with the monarch and millionaire. It is akin to the luxury of staying away from church.

The happiest tea drinkers are they who have generous friends in China. No tea is like theirs. That inscrutable humourist, Li Hung Chang, left presents of priceless tea in his wake as he passed smiling through the West—tea of integrity hitherto unsuspected by the few persons whose glory it was to taste it. Among these was Mr. Gladstone, who is great among tea drinkers, and whose pleasant humour it is to speak of a cup as a dish. Dean Stanley was among the tea giants, and Dr. Johnson's prowess is a by-word. Hartley Coleridge was another colossus of the caddy. One who knew him tells that asking him on a certain occasion how many cups he was in the habit of drinking, the poet replied with scorn, 'Cups! I don't count by cups. I count by pots.' Once a man looks upon tea when it is green, his fate is sealed. Hyson and 'Gunpowder' between them have shattered many a nerve. Green tea numbers amongst its opponents Miss Matty. It will be remembered that when she set up her tea shop in Cranford, the whole country-side seemed to be out of tea at the same moment. 'The only alteration,' says the chronicler, 'I could have desired in Miss Matty's way of doing business was that she should not have so plaintively entreated some of her customers not to buy green tea—running it down as a slow poison, sure to destroy the nerves, and produce all manner of evil.' According to a story by Sheridan Le Fanu, one of the effects of green tea is to be visited o' nights by an impalpable monkey with red eyes. 'Punch,' with that happy, witty way it has, calls this state 'delirium teamens.' A cupful of green tea in a bowl of punch is a discreet addition.

The commonest tea is black, and it is almost always a blend, even when the terms Congou and Souchong are employed. China, India, and Ceylon—all three—are levied upon for these mixtures. Their description in the catalogues is worth study; indeed, all merchants' adjectives are worth study. A table of ten graduated qualities of black teas lies before me. The lowest priced variety is 'pure and useful;' then 'strong and liquoring;'

then 'strong and rich flavoured.' While the same kind, but two-pence dearer, is 'finer grade and very economical;' then 'splendid liquor;' then 'extra choice and strongly recommended;' then 'beautiful quality;' then 'soft and rich;' then 'small young leaf, magnificent liquor;' and, finally, at three shillings and four-pence, 'very choice, small leaf, a connoisseur's tea.' In another list I find 'very pungent and flavoury.' 'Syrupy' is also a hard-worked epithet. It would puzzle a conscientious merchant to fit any of these terms, even the humblest, to some of the tea that one now and then is forced to drink. But the British tourist is attracted not by tea as tea, but by tea with accessories. The late Mr. Arthur Cecil, the comedian, used to tell with great glee of the cannibal tea at Kew: thus—'Tea, plain, 6*d.*;' 'Tea, with shrimps, 9*d.*;' 'Tea, with children, 1*s.*' But tea that has such accompaniments is not to be run after by the epicure. Of all the public varieties the tea obtained at a railway station is perhaps the worst. The liquor served at those carnivals which are known to schoolboys as tea fights or bun struggles, is a close competitor, but being free, or inexpensive, it has an advantage over the station tea, which is costly. A question in an examination paper circulated among the students at a London hospital, asked the reader to 'give some idea of the grief felt by the refreshment room tea at never having seen Asia.' This sorrow might be shared by the station blend. Its only merit is its heat, but that usually is nullified by the brevity of the time limit allowed by the company for its consumption. Ship's tea, that is to say, tea in the cabin of the ocean tramp, would be worse, only that at sea one is too hungry to care for refinements of flavour. The officers are said to discriminate between tea and coffee by taking the temperature of the milk jug. If hot, the beverage is coffee; if cold, tea.

Cold tea has its adherents no less than hot. One of the merits of cold tea is that, as the Bishop of Bedford would say, it 'looks like beer.' This to the ordinary member of society is a peculiarity which will cause no excitement, but the resemblance is of some value to publicans who do not wish to offend customers by not drinking with them, and yet do not care to be continually sipping alcoholic liquor. A glass of cold tea, on the other side of the counter, is to all intents and purposes a glass of beer. And, indeed, when one is really thirsty on a hot day, there is nothing more delightful. But care must be taken that the liquor cools

apart from the leaves. The most welcome drink that ever came to me was cold tea. We found it in a charcoal burner's hut in the New Forest. The charcoal burner was absent, and we left a sixpence blinking at the bottom of the empty basin. I hope he was satisfied, but if on his return he was half as thirsty as we, he would, rather than have lost his tea, have forfeited the savings of his life. For the time being our need was greater than his.

The origin of tea, according to tradition, was as natural as it is credible. Prince Darma, in the remote ages, was a holy Asiatic, who spent day and night in meditations upon the Infinite, and, like the shoeblack in 'The Dweller on the Threshold,' all the things that begin with a capital letter. One night his ecstasy was interrupted by sleep. On awaking he was so dismayed at his infirmity that he tore off his eyelids, and flung them (says the writer from whom comes my version of the legend) on the ground. The spectacle of a holy Asiatic flinging his eyelids on the ground deserves the notice of an historical painter. On visiting the spot later, Prince Darma found that his eyelids had grown into a shrub. He had the wit to take some of the leaves and pour boiling water upon them. Ever after by simply drinking a little of the precious liquor he was able to keep sleep at bay and pursue his thoughts with added zest and profit.

The English history of the plant is comparatively brief. According to the popular statement tea was introduced into this country from Holland in 1666. D'Israeli, however, thinks the date earlier, because he once heard of a collector whose treasures included Oliver Cromwell's teapot. On the other hand, this is not necessarily evidence, for we have all heard of the museum which possessed a small skull certified to be the head of Oliver Cromwell when a boy. Moreover, one Thomas Garway, a tobacconist and coffee dealer in Exchange Alley, sold tea at the rate of three pounds sterling a pound weight about 1660. Not, however, for a score or more of years later was tea at all common, although Charles the Second's Queen Henrietta, who had sipped it with gusto in Portugal, stamped the beverage with her approval in the Court. Mr. Waller wrote a poem on the new fashion, in which he praised together the 'best of queens' and the 'best of herbs.' Mr. Waller, by the way, learned from a Jesuit who came from China in 1664 that tea and beaten-up eggs made a worthy substitute for a 'competent meal.' Concerning the beginnings

of tea in this country there is a story told by Southey of the great-grandmother of a friend of his, who made one of the party that sat down to the first pound of tea that ever came to Penrith. They boiled it in a kettle, and ate the leaves with butter and salt, wondering wherein the attraction lay.

Tea, generally, met with the opposition which nowadays is reserved for motor cars and new comic papers. In D'Israeli's account of its introduction, he says that Patin, a French savant, called the leaf '*l'impertinente nouveauté du siècle*'—the seventeenth—and that Hahnemann (with the upper part of whose body we are so familiar by reason of its place in the shop windows of homœopathic chemists) described tea dealers as 'immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives.' Colley Cibber wrote that tea was 'the universal pretence of bringing the wicked of both sexes together in a morning.' The indictment was indeed persistent and grave. Commenting upon an attack made in tea's early days by Duncan Forbes, an 'Edinburgh' reviewer wrote, in 1816, the following summarising passage: 'The progress of this famous plant has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had the courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues.'

E. V. LUCAS.

*FAMOUS TRIALS.*

## THE ROAD MYSTERY.

IN the little village of Road, some four miles to the north-east of Frome, and on the confines of Somersetshire and Wiltshire, stands Road Hill House; and there, in June 1860, resided Mr. Samuel Savile Kent, Deputy Inspector of Factories. He had been twice married, and was the father of a numerous family; by his first wife he had three daughters and one son living, and his second wife was the mother of three children, and was expecting her confinement at no distant date.

On the night of Friday, June 29, the household consisted of just a dozen inmates—Mr. and Mrs. Kent, the seven children, and three female servants—nurse, cook, and housemaid. Eleven o'clock was the usual hour for retiring; Mr. Kent was in the habit of going over the premises with a lantern to ascertain that all doors and windows were safely fastened, and on this occasion he went his rounds as usual. The house is a substantial one, a little retired from the road, and inclosed in its own grounds. On entering the front door there is a large central hall, on the left side of which is the library, with drawing-room behind it, and on the right the dining-room, carried out beyond the general area of the house, with a flat roof over which nothing has been built. At the back of the hall is the front staircase, at the foot of which a door leads to the kitchen and offices. There are two floors above, and on each of them is a landing, on to which the bedrooms open. On the first floor, above the library and drawing-room, were the bedroom and dressing-room of Mr. and Mrs. Kent; there were two doors to the dressing-room, one leading into the bedroom, the other on to the landing close to the nursery door; this latter, however, was fastened up by a heavy piece of furniture placed against it. Over the hall was the nursery, divided into two compartments, in one of which slept the nurse and two children—Francis Savile, a boy of nearly four, and a little girl of about twelve months. Its single window looked out upon the lawn, and a door gave admission into a smaller room beyond, used as a dressing-room, with a window looking out over the flat roof of the dining-room. Mrs. Kent's eldest child, a girl of five, slept in a cot in her parents' room.

The rest of the floor was taken up by a spare bedroom and two lumber rooms. Overhead, the bedroom above Mrs. Kent was occupied by the two eldest daughters; in the one over the nursery, the housemaid and the cook slept together. Between them, and over Mr. Kent's dressing-room, was the smaller bedroom of Constance, the third daughter; her brother William's bedroom and two lumber rooms completed the floor.

The nurse, Elizabeth Gough, was a young woman of three-and-twenty. She bore an excellent character, and had been with the Kents for about nine months. This Friday had been a hard day for her; the number of servants kept was scarcely adequate to the establishment, and, in addition to her own duties, she had been up early to assist in a house-cleaning. She put the children to bed as usual, and after family prayers Mrs. Kent came into the nursery, as was her wont, and exchanged a few words with the nurse; after which the latter, who was thoroughly tired out, undressed herself and went to bed. About five o'clock she woke up, noticed that the clothes had fallen off the body of the baby, who slept close to her bed, and in raising herself up to readjust them, she became aware that Savile's cot, which stood on the farther side of the room away from the bed, and opposite the door, was empty. This did not seem to strike her as anything remarkable. Mrs. Kent was rather fidgety about her children; Francis had been taking medicine, and his mother might have heard him cry, have stepped across the passage and taken him. So being unwilling to disturb the household on a false alarm, she composed herself to sleep again, and did not awake till a quarter past six.

This was her usual hour for rising, and the young woman got up, made her toilet, read a chapter in the Bible, and said her prayers with a calmness that did credit to her bringing up, and then walked across to Mrs. Kent's room to inquire for the little boy. She knocked at the door, got no answer, went back, dressed the baby, and again knocked at her mistress's door. This time there was an answer, and Gough asked if Master Savile was there. 'With me?' replied Mrs. Kent; 'certainly not!' 'Well, ma'am,' said Gough, 'he is not in the nursery.' This at once brought the mother from her bedroom. Gough ran upstairs to inquire of the two elder Miss Kents if they had seen the missing boy. Their answer was in the negative, and while the nurse was talking to them their sister Constance came to her door to hear what was going on. Meanwhile the whole household was aroused, and

Sarah Cox, the housemaid, on entering the drawing-room, which she herself had fastened up over night, found the door open—though Mr. Kent had locked it—the shutter unclasped, and the window a little way up. No force apparently had been used, nor had the window been broken, and there were no traces of footsteps. Mr. Kent, however, was convinced that the child had been kidnapped from outside. No time was to be lost; his carriage was ordered round, and he drove off to Trowbridge, where was the nearest police station. The confusion in the house may be imagined. Mrs. Kent, overwhelmed with grief, bitterly upbraided Gough for not alarming her the moment she missed the child, and on the latter excusing herself by saying she thought her mistress had fetched him away, Mrs. Kent burst out: ‘How dare you say so! you know I could not carry him.’ Gough made no reply, but afterwards, when doing her mistress’s hair, said oracularly, ‘Oh, ma’am, it’s revenge!’

All this while the search was going on out of doors and in. The news had spread, and volunteers from the village lent assistance. Two men—Benger, a small farmer, and Nutt, the village cobbler—made an examination of the grounds. Thirty yards from the house, on the side farthest from the drawing-room, in a shrubbery near the back premises, was a disused closet. This they entered, Benger having a ‘prediction’ that he would find something. A pool of congealed blood was on the floor, and the body of the little boy was discovered in the vault, wrapped in a blanket, and clothed in his nightshirt; his head had been nearly severed from his body by some sharp instrument, and there was a gaping wound in his chest. The body was taken to the house, and the mournful news broken to the family. Mr. Kent was still away, but by nine o’clock he had returned from Trowbridge, and learnt from the clergyman, Mr. Peacock, that his son had been murdered. Almost immediately the police appeared upon the scene in charge of Superintendent Foley, the head of the Trowbridge force. Mr. Kent welcomed their arrival, and gave them *carte blanche* with regard to the household and premises. The wife of one of the police was sent for to examine the female inmates, including the young ladies, but with no result. When night came, Foley stationed two constables in the kitchen, without giving any reason to Mr. Kent, who locked the door leading from that apartment to the rest of the house. Foley afterwards professed to be very indignant at this, but Mr. Kent’s explanation was a very natural one. The door was

always locked at night ; if one of the inmates on coming downstairs were to find it open, suspicion would be aroused, and the whole object of the watch, whatever it might be, defeated. However, no one came, and the policemen's vigil was undisturbed.

On the following Monday the inquest was held before Mr. Sylvester, the coroner, at the Red Lion Inn at Road. In the short interval that had elapsed popular feeling had become greatly excited, and there was a widely spread impression that the crime had been committed not only by some one in the house, but by a member of the family. After the body had been viewed, the inquest was adjourned to the Temperance Hall, as a more convenient place, and the room was crowded to its fullest capacity. The witnesses called were the nurse and housemaid, the men who found the body, Foley, and Mr. Parsons, a surgeon. During the taking of the evidence, which practically told the story given above, jury and bystanders alike showed their excitement, and cries of 'Hear, hear' were raised at anything which seemed to confirm their suspicions. The coroner was of opinion that sufficient evidence had been taken, and declined to examine Mr. Kent, who tendered himself as a witness, but some of the jury expressed a wish that the members of the family should be examined, especially the two children, Constance and William. The coroner consented, but the feeling of the crowd was so evidently hostile that he refused to expose these children, aged sixteen and fifteen, to insult, and adjourned with the jury to Road Hill House. Constance and William were briefly examined, but nothing was elicited beyond the fact that neither of them had heard any noise on the fatal night.

The coroner then charged the jury, and said he saw no reason to attach suspicion to anyone in particular, while the total absence of motive rendered the sad affair almost inexplicable. In accordance with this direction, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. The result was received with the greatest dissatisfaction, the coroner was accused of burking the inquiry, and his refusal to examine Mr. Kent was severely commented upon. The magistrates opened their investigations, and Gough, the nurse, was taken into custody, but no formal charge was made against her, and she was speedily released. Scotland Yard now felt it was time to step in, and on July 15 Inspector Whicher, of the Metropolitan detective force, appeared upon the scene. Readers of the 'Moonstone' may remember the

interviews between Sergeant Cuff and Inspector Seegrave, and it requires no very violent conjecture to suppose that in the Road case the London officer held much the same opinion of his provincial colleague as in the novel. Be it as it may, this reinforcement was productive of speedy results; within five days Miss Constance Kent was arrested and lodged in Devizes Gaol, and on the 27th she was brought before the local Bench.

To fully understand the significance of this arrest some detailed reference to the family history is necessary. A deep gloom had been cast over the early married life of Mr. Kent by the prolonged illness of his first wife. After she had become the mother of the two elder girls mentioned above, and of a boy named Edward, signs of insanity showed themselves, but she was not placed under any restraint, and between the years 1837 and 1842 she gave birth to four children, none of whom survived for more than a few months. In 1844 Constance was born, and in 1845 William, but from this period her mania became so acute that she was entirely secluded, and the care of the establishment devolved upon Miss Pratt, the children's governess. In 1852 Mrs. Kent died, and in the following year Mr. Kent married Miss Pratt. The two eldest girls seem to have got on well enough with their stepmother, and though the eldest boy, a sailor, is said to have showed some disrespect to the governess promoted to fill his mother's place, a reconciliation had taken place prior to his death abroad in 1858, and his last letters to his father were full of affection. With Constance it was otherwise; from her earliest childhood she had been brought up by her stepmother in her capacity of governess. The discipline of the schoolroom is not always compatible with filial affection, especially in the case of a girl of sullen and reserved disposition, and in the month of June 1856 an extraordinary adventure was planned and carried out. One day Constance, then only twelve, disappeared with her brother William, and was not heard of till the next morning, when news came that the children, both dressed in boys' clothes, had arrived at the Greyhound Hotel, at Bath, and asked for beds. Their appearance excited suspicion, and they were questioned by the landlady. William soon broke down in tears, but Constance preserved her self-possession, and was even insolent in manner and language. She spent the night at the police station, maintaining the same defiant bearing. In the morning they were fetched home, but Constance could not be induced to express shame or regret. It

was discovered that she had secreted and mended some clothes of her brother's, had cut off her long hair and thrown it away, together with her own clothes, in that very closet in the shrubbery where the murdered body of little Savile was afterwards found. This escapade became the talk of the neighbourhood, and was, no doubt, the foundation of the suspicions which at once attached themselves to these children, and which found vent in the disorderly scene at the inquest.

Since then an additional circumstance had come to light. On the Monday after the murder the laundrywoman, Mrs. Holly, went as usual to fetch the linen from Road Hill House, and on bringing it home compared it with the list, and found that though a night-dress of Miss Constance's was entered there, no such garment could be found in the basket. The next day she came up to the house and informed Mrs. Kent of the discrepancy. There had been previous disputes about articles lost at the wash. The Kents were indignant, for the housemaid perfectly remembered putting Miss Constance's night-dress into the basket, and Mr. Kent said that unless it was returned in forty-eight hours he would take out a search warrant. Whether this impressed the local police force does not appear, and we are reminded of the little importance attached by Superintendent Seegrave to the smear on the freshly varnished door of Miss Rachel Verinder's apartment. But Whicher's inquiries elicited the following facts. While the housemaid was getting ready the linen basket, but had not quite finished packing it, Constance came to the door of the lumber room and asked her to look in her slip pocket and see if she had left her purse there. Cox looked in the basket unsuccessfully, and then Constance asked her to go down and get a glass of water. She did so, and in about a minute returned with the water, which Constance drank, and then left the room, going up the back stairs to her own apartment. On the 16th Whicher had an interview with Constance, and pointed out the linen list, which showed three night-dresses belonging to her. She replied that she had only two, as the other was lost at the wash the week of the murder. After a renewed search no trace of the missing garment could be found, and on the 20th Constance was arrested. She cried, and said she was not guilty.

Elizabeth Gough, who after her discharge had continued in service with the Kents, was the first witness; she gave substantially the same evidence as on the previous occasion. Then came two of Constance's schoolfellows, unearthed by the vigilance of Whicher.

One of them, Miss Moody, said : ' Constance told me she disliked her younger brothers and sisters. I believe it was through jealousy, and because the parents showed great partiality. I have remonstrated with her on what she said. I was walking with her one day, and said, " Won't it be nice to go home for the holidays so soon ? " She replied, " It may be to your home, but mine's different. " She also led me to infer, though I don't remember her precise words, that she did not dislike the child except for the partiality shown by the parents, and because the second family were much better treated than the first. I remember no other conversation about the deceased child ; she has only very slightly referred to him. ' These peevish outbursts were a very fragile foundation for a charge of murder ; but the other schoolgirl, Miss Hatherall, said even less. She had heard Constance speak of her home, and say there was a partiality shown by the parents for the younger children, and that her father would compare the elder son to the younger, and say what a much finer boy the younger would be. Constance never said anything particular about the deceased to her.

Mr. Parsons, besides repeating his testimony as to the cause of death, said that he accompanied Foley in searching the house on Saturday, June 29, and went with him into the prisoner's room. He examined the linen in her chest of drawers, and the night-cap and night-gown on the bed ; they were all perfectly free from any stains of blood, the night-dress was very clean, so much so that he remarked upon it at the time ; the starch was not so much gone from the waistbands and frills as one would expect if it had been worn from the Saturday before.

Then followed the story of the missing night-dress, as we have detailed it, but there was nothing to bring home the abstraction of the garment to Constance, no trace of it had been discovered ; the occurrence was in no way inconsistent with ordinary incidents of a family wash with a not too careful laundry woman. After a brief appeal from Mr., now Sir Peter, Edlin, who represented the prisoner, she was discharged on her father entering into recognisances of 200*l.* for her appearance if called upon. The decision was received with applause ; public opinion had shifted, and suspicion was falling on another quarter. It was said on all sides that the grounds of accusation were frivolous and the evidence childish. Whicher was overwhelmed with abuse for officious bungling.

Incredible as it may appear, the next victim sought out by

popular rumour was Mr. Kent himself. The unblemished reputation that he had hitherto borne, the fact that it was his supposed partiality for his second family, and for the murdered boy in particular, that were alleged to have caused the crime, availed him nothing. For some reason he was unpopular in the village, the house had a reputation for never keeping servants, and utterly groundless charges of profligacy were suddenly heaped upon this unhappy man. Gradually a specific charge shaped itself: there were undoubtedly grounds for suspicion against Gough the nurse; the abduction of the child from her room, the length of time that elapsed before she gave the alarm, and her somewhat lame explanations—all these circumstances were now accounted for. It was suggested that she might have been visited by a lover that evening, that the boy had startled up, that a hand had been pressed on his throat, that intentionally or not it had choked the life out of him, that the throat had been cut to disguise the cause of death, and that the body had been hidden in a place the associations of which would divert suspicion to a third person. The name of the lover was only whispered, but the whispered name was that of Mr. Kent, and it was pointed out that the fact of his being recognised by his son would afford a stronger motive for checking that voice for ever, than if the person observed in the nursery had been a stranger.

Mr. Slack, a solicitor from Bath, had taken up the case *vice* Whicher, and as a result of his investigations, Gough, who was now in service near Isleworth, was apprehended and brought before the magistrates early in October. She was represented by Mr. Ribton, then in full practice at the Old Bailey; Mr. T. W. Saunders, of the Western Circuit, conducted the case for the Crown; and Mr. Edlin held a watching brief for the Kent family. Into the details of the inquiry it is not necessary to go, suffice it to say that after a four days' hearing Gough was liberated, on recognisances for her future appearance being entered into. The Chairman commented favourably on her conduct, and said: 'Considering how much curiosity she had been exposed to—the anxious inquiries of all the family, the officious inquiries of so many others, and the official inquiries of the police—it is very remarkable that we should see no appearance either of sullen reserve or of over-activity.' Nearly thirty witnesses were examined, and it is not too much to say that not a single new fact was elicited. Mr. Parsons, however, now expressed himself

as of opinion that the cause of death was suffocation, and that the wounds had been inflicted subsequently; in support of the theory of the prosecution, that a paramour had been in the room, not one tittle of evidence was produced. One thing, however, was established beyond doubt, and that was that the murder must have been committed by some one within the house. The prosecuting counsel went out of his way to express his conviction of the innocence of Constance Kent; she was called as a witness, and testified as to her fondness for little Savile, and that on the very evening of the murder they had been romping together.

Hitherto we have been concerned with the deepest tragedy; but now, for a moment, there is an element of comedy, or rather of farce. Early in November a Wiltshire magistrate named Saunders (not to be confounded with his namesake who appeared for the prosecution) arrived at Road and opened, on his own account, a new investigation. Over the methods of this inquiry, and the eccentricities of Mr. Saunders, it would be kinder to draw a veil. There was no pretence of observing legal forms, and everybody in the neighbourhood was at liberty to come in and pour out their insinuations; every piece of village gossip, every unfounded and reckless imputation that could fasten odium or suspicion on the Kent family, was freely entertained. As was said at the time, he was at once judge and jury, counsel, attorneys, and crier of the court. One or two specimens will give an idea of this semi-judicial investigation:

I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Webley. Is there anyone here who can give me any account of Mr. Samuel Savile Kent's proceedings on the Monday after Midsummer day? Is there anyone in this room who saw Mr. Kent on June 25? Let him speak out without fear, favour, or affection, and be kind enough to make that inquiry among his friends. Is there anyone here who knows anything of his proceedings on the Tuesday? Is there anyone here who said anything about Kent's proceedings on June 27? Is there anybody—is there anybody—do they know anybody? My memory fails me. Now I come to the party that was brought here by 'we' and not by 'me'—rather by 'us' and not by 'me'—it must be in the third person to turn it into good grammar.

This, again, is a dialogue between the magistrate and the sapient Foley:

*Foley*: I scarcely wetted my lips, or ate anything all day.

*Saunders*: I am extremely sorry that I am eating—don't put this down, gentlemen—and wetting my lips.

*Foley*: I tell you plain, sir, I was obliged to sit down, I was so exhausted with excitement, and I asked Mr. Kent to give me something.

*Saunders*: I can't for the life of me see why you shouldn't eat a bit of bread

and have a sup of water, as I'm doing (Mr. Saunders was drinking a liquid which looked like brandy, but might have been cough mixture).

Foley said because he made it a rule whenever he went anywhere on duty never to have anything, so that they shouldn't say 'What Foley ate or what Foley drank.'

*Saunders* : Quite right. You knew Mr. Kent had a larder and a cook.

*Foley* : I had a glass of port wine and water.

*Saunders* : I think that might be taken down, if considered material to the fact.

*Foley* : I don't think that is material, sir, and it ought not to be put down.

Mr. Saunders' antics were speedily disowned by his brother magistrates; but, strange to say, in this farrago of rubbish a new and extraordinary fact came to light. It appeared that on the afternoon of the Saturday (June 30), when the police were searching the kitchen at Road Hill House, one of them went into the scullery, and on opening the door of the boiler furnace, pulled out a woman's shift, very dirty, and covered with blood. The other constables saw it, and it was shown to Foley, who, it need hardly be said, attached no importance to it, and said he shuddered to think the man that found it was so foolish as to expose it. What became of the shift no one could say; it was apparently put down either beside the boiler whence it had been taken, or actually in it. Whatever course was adopted, it was 'like the lost Pleiad, seen on earth no more.' A light was now cast on the hitherto mysterious action of Foley in placing the two policemen in the kitchen on that night; it was to see if anyone got up to destroy anything. The result of this bungling had been that, after a blood-stained garment had been found in a house where a murder had just been committed, it had been allowed to get back into the possession of its owner without inquiry and without discovering whom it belonged to. No wonder that Foley did not like to mention this fact to Whicher, and that Whicher wrote from Scotland Yard to the magistrates to say that he had been kept in entire ignorance of this discovery by the local police.

Late in November a last effort was made to reopen the investigation, when in the Court of Queen's Bench the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethell, moved to quash the inquisition returned by the coroner, and for the issue of a writ to Special Commissioners to examine witnesses and make such inquiries touching the death of the deceased child as the coroner ought to have made on the view of the deceased. The ground for this application was the general insufficiency of the inquiry, misdirection of the jury, and exclusion of evidence. Among the points which, it was alleged,

had received insufficient attention, were, the removal of the child's blanket, the carefully folded state of the bedclothes, the nurse's delay in alarming Mrs. Kent, and the absence of sufficient blood to account for death by stabbing or cutting. Furthermore, the coroner was charged with having neglected his duty, in failing to examine all the adult members of the Kent family, and particularly the father. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who appeared on behalf of the coroner, successfully rebutted the charges against his client, but, for a moment, it looked as if the writ for the inquiry must issue; the original return to the inquisition had been made on paper instead of parchment, and was void accordingly. The Crown, however, waived this technicality. Finally the application was refused. The Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, said that the only ground on which it rested was the allegation of misconduct on the part of the coroner in the single instance of not examining Mr. Kent. The coroner would have exercised a sounder discretion if he had accepted Mr. Kent's offer, but the Court would not set aside an inquisition found by a coroner's jury for a mere error in judgment. If there had been judicial misconduct of a nature to justify the Court in setting aside the inquisition, it would still be a question whether that should be done and a new inquisition issued, when it was seen that the object was to examine those amongst whom the guilt of the crime necessarily rested, to ascertain from their separate depositions which of them had committed the crime. That was an object which the law would not sanction.

The public, profoundly excited, agreed with Mr. Bumble that the law was 'a ass;' but the Press, while denouncing the ruling of the Queen's Bench as 'the law's protection of the Road murderer,' admitted that little good could result from an inquiry instituted after such a lapse of time. The mystery was put aside as insoluble, and newspaper readers had plenty of other matter to occupy their thoughts. The year 1860 had been one of tranquillity at home and abroad; with 1861 came the boom of cannon from across the Atlantic, and for the next four years the Old World and the New were full of wars and rumours of wars. Apart from the colossal strife between North and South, the Polish insurrection, the invasion of Denmark, and the Lancashire cotton famine, were enough to drive the Road mystery from the memories of all but the most assiduous students of crime.

Suddenly the silence was broken and the mystery dissipated. In the last week of April 1865 the London Press made known to its

readers that Constance Kent had confessed, and on the afternoon of the 25th she appeared at Bow Street, accompanied by the Rev. Arthur Douglas Wagner, Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Brighton. For years nothing had been heard of the Kent family; they had left Wiltshire, and were residing somewhere in Wales, but since that terrible summer Constance had ceased to live with them. She had been for some time in a convent abroad, but in 1863 she came as a guest to St. Mary's Home, Brighton, an Anglican sisterhood in connection with St. Paul's Church. Miss Gream was the Lady Superior of this establishment, and Mr. Wagner the spiritual director of its inmates, and, in the course of his ministrations, Constance admitted to him that she was guilty of the murder of her little brother. This admission, made under the seal of confession, was treated by Mr. Wagner as sacred, but in the course of the Holy Week of 1865 she informed Miss Gream, and subsequently Mr. Wagner, that it was her desire to give herself up to justice. Accordingly the latter went up to the Home Secretary, Sir George Grey, taking a paper signed by Constance, containing the following words: 'Sir, It is by my own particular request that the bearer now informs you of my guilt, which it is my desire to have publicly made known.'

The proceedings at Bow Street were short. Mr. Wagner stated that no inducement of any sort had been made by him to the prisoner to give herself up, and her signed confession was read: 'I, Constance Emilie Kent, alone and unaided, in the night of the 29th of June, 1860, murdered, at Road Hill House, Wiltshire, one Francis Savile Kent. Before the deed was done no one knew of my intention, nor afterwards of my guilt. No one assisted me in the crime, nor in the evasion of discovery.' The prisoner was given over to the custody of the police, taken down to Devizes, and committed for trial at the Wiltshire Assizes.

The judges going the Western Circuit that summer were Mr. Justice Keating and Mr. Justice Willes; it fell to the lot of the latter to preside in the Crown Court at Salisbury. The trial, foregone conclusion as it seemed after Constance's confession, excited the greatest interest; it was more than hinted that the confession had been extorted from her, and it was said that the Court would not accept the plea of guilty, but would insist upon trying out the case, and that incidentally the question would be set at rest whether the law recognises as privileged statements made in confession. All these conjectures were destined to be

falsified. On July 20, five years to the day since her former arrest, Constance Kent was placed at the bar. She was dressed in black, and wore a thick black lace veil. She is described as standing meekly, but firmly, with her eyes cast down and her hands clasped in front of her. On being called upon to plead, she said 'Guilty!' in a low tone. Twice the judge repeated the question: 'Are you guilty or not guilty of having wilfully, intentionally, and with malice, killed and murdered your brother?' Twice she replied in the affirmative, and the judge said: 'The plea must be recorded.' Then, after a pause, her counsel, Mr. John Duke Coleridge, Q.C., the late Lord Chief Justice of England, rose and addressed the Court: 'Before your lordship passes sentence on my client, I desire to say two things—first, solemnly in the presence of Almighty God, as a person who values her own soul, she wishes me to say that the guilt is hers alone, and that her father and others who have so long suffered most unjust and cruel suspicion, are wholly and absolutely innocent; and, secondly, that she was not driven to this act, as has been asserted, by unkind treatment at home, as she met with nothing there but tender affection and love. And I hope I may add, and not improperly, that it gives me a melancholy pleasure to be the organ of these statements for her, because, on my honour, I believe them to be true.'

Sentence of death was passed amidst a scene unexampled in our judicial annals. Sentiment was not supposed to be one of Mr. Justice Willes' foibles, but he broke down in tears, the prisoner's fortitude gave way, and there was not a dry eye in court. At the same time, few could believe that the extreme penalty of the law would be exacted for a crime committed by a girl of sixteen, and in a few days the sentence was commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

Thus was rolled away the dark cloud that had so long rested on Mr. Kent, and let it be said most emphatically, that no man was ever more cruelly wronged, that never were suspicions baser or more unfounded, and that amongst those who knew him best, his character as a husband and a father stood unblemished. Amidst all his sufferings, perhaps the keenest pang must have arisen from the fact that after the earliest stages of the inquiry he can have entertained little doubt as to who the real criminal was.

Before her disappearance into penal servitude, Constance made a full confession to Dr. Bucknill, the medical man who was sent

to examine into her mental condition. Let us read, in her own words, how the crime was committed :

A few days previously to the murder she got possession of a razor from her father's wardrobe, and secreted it. On the night itself she undressed and went to bed ; she lay awake until the household were all asleep, and soon after midnight she left her bedroom, went downstairs, and opened the drawing-room door and window-shutters. She went up into the nursery, withdrew the blanket from between the sheet and counterpane, and placed it on one side of the cot. She then took the sleeping child from his bed and carried him downstairs to the drawing-room ; she was in her night-dress, and in the drawing-room she put on her goloshes. Having the child in one arm, she raised the drawing-room window with the other, stepped out, went round the front of the house to the closet, lighted a candle which she had secreted there, and while the child, wrapped in the blanket, was still sleeping, she inflicted the wound on its throat. It seemed to her as if the blood would never come, and she thrust the razor into his left side. Then she dropped the body with the blanket round it into the vault, went back to her bedroom, examined her night-dress, and found only two spots of blood upon it. These she washed out and threw the water away ; she put on another of her night-dresses and got into bed. In the morning her night-dress had become dry where it had been washed. She folded it up and put it into the drawer, as she thought the bloodstains had been effectually washed out, but on holding the dress up to the light a day or two afterwards she found the stains were still visible, so she secreted it, moving it from place to place, and five or six days afterwards burned it in her own bedroom and put the ashes into the kitchen grate. She abstracted the clean night-dress, which she had put on after the murder, from the clothes-basket, when the housemaid went to fetch the glass of water. The stained garment found in the boiler-hole had no connection with the deed. She replaced the razor on the Saturday morning, after cleaning it. As regards the motive of the crime, says Dr. Bucknill, it seems that though at one time she entertained a great regard for her stepmother, yet if any remark was at any time made which, in her opinion, was disparaging to any member of the first family, she treasured it up and determined to avenge it ; she had no ill will against the little boy except as one of the children.

One word of justice to Superintendent Whicher, that officer

whose original arrest of Constance Kent had involved him in such severe criticism from all quarters. Like Sergeant Cuff, he was no longer in the force, and had retired in 1863, presumably to grow roses; but as far back as November 23, 1860, he had written to a brother officer on the case, and some extracts from his letter will show how near his conjectures were to the truth. 'As regards the night-dress taken from the clothes-basket two days after the murder, it was part of my theory that it was not the one worn on the night of the murder, but one put on afterwards, slept in for the remainder of the night, and found in the morning by Foley and Parsons. The latter described it as being very clean, and says that he drew Foley's attention to the fact, but Foley did not take the hint, viz. that it had been changed in the night. This was the dress entered in the washing-book to the laundress and abstracted from the clothes-basket, not with the view of destroying it, but of taking it back into use so as to have two in possession, and to make the laundress blamable for the loss of the one that was deficient. . . . Mr. Kent will be branded to the day of his death as the murderer of his child unless a confession is made by the person who I firmly believe committed the crime. I have little doubt but that that confession would have been made if Miss Constance had been remanded for another week.'

In the year 1867 Wilkie Collins wrote the 'Moonstone,' and it is, I think, impossible to doubt that he had Whicher and Foley in his mind. The obstinate conviction as to the identity of the culprit formed by Whicher, and eventually justified under such striking circumstances, is paralleled in the novel by Sergeant Cuff's equally resolute adherence to his own theory, which, though based on thoroughly sound induction, is falsified in a still more dramatic manner. Furthermore, the incident of Constance's night-dress and the means she adopted to destroy it, must have suggested the proceedings of Rosanna Spearman with regard to the tell-tale stain on Mr. Blake's night-gown. It is even said that Wilkie Collins obtained an interview with Constance Kent in her prison, but this is hardly consonant with the strict regulations of our convict establishments, and, in the light of her full confession, would have been superfluous.

J. B. ATLAY.

*'NEVER THE LOTOS CLOSES.'*

I.

It was near the end of the rainy season, and the President's liver was out of order, and his presidency, which extended over a few hundred miles of barren dune and crag and a mixed population of all colours, knew it. Also the executive and heads of departments generally were just sickening for another attack of suspicion, the advent of the disease being heralded by press prohibitions and unnecessary arrests. Altogether things pointed pretty clearly to the periodical outbreak, which necessitated a rapid change of the personnel of the Government, conducted on the usual strictly homicidal principles. By the time the full languor of the hot weather was upon us, a general amnesty would be proclaimed, and the new President—who had climbed into power during the storm—be extolled for his clemency.

I had not been out very long, and the ways of the Republic still amused me. My friend the British Consul, who for the last fifteen years had inhabited a little whitewashed house on the cliff pervaded by rats and grey lizards and within hail of the pestilential odours from the beach six hundred feet below, did not look upon things in the same light. In theory he agreed that these periodical bloodlettings were indispensable to the health of the Republic, but he disliked the extra work and exertion entailed by a too frequent indulgence in them. Moreover he preferred these fever fits should come on in the cooler part of the year.

We were sitting in the shady end of his piazza, and he was giving me his views on the situation.

'The present party 'll last about a fortnight,' he was saying, 'unless they do something out of the way mad, which may give 'em six weeks' grace.'

'What sort of thing?' I asked. 'They can't do much harm any-way, the area is limited.'

'Don't you make any such mistake,' returned he with some warmth. 'The old world is a mere mass of tinder a spark from here could set blazing. Some time ago,' he went on meditatively, 'the tail-end of a political party nearly did the trick. If it hadn't

been that Scanderson was on the premises, they'd have scorched the British Empire for certain.'

This being a pretty large order even for a South American Republic to contract for, I concluded he had a tale to tell, and I felt it was my duty to make him tell it.

'Who is Scanderson?' I asked. 'The name doesn't seem to fit in with blue tropic seas and hot-blooded presidents.'

'It's hard to be sure where he hailed from—inside the British Isles,' Allansford returned, thoughtfully. 'Irish-Scotch for choice. Curious blend Irish-Scotch.'

It was too hot to talk, although the night would be on us in half an hour, so I settled myself in my chair.

'The story,' I said.

The sun was brooding low over the Pacific—an angry eyeball under a purple lid—and lending a tinge of red to the low yellow hills bounding the shore. Below us a bloated pelican poised itself upon one of the black-backed boulders that always reminded me of a school of whales floating dead in the bay.

After a prolonged pause, Allansford recommenced.

'It was rather later in the year when it all began. There was a President in power at the time who was the worst President these mixed races have ever been goaded into revolution by. They only took him on because there were no other candidates upon that occasion. The last two had been blown up, you see, and that made the usual crowd a bit shy.

'He'd been President about four months, and anyone could tell with half an eye he'd never see a fifth under ordinary circumstances, but he was backed by an unscrupulous party, who knew that his fall meant early-morning shooting practice for the black and yellow troops with themselves for targets. So they put their heads together to invent something solid to put off the evil day and give them time to clear; for by this time the troops who were garrisoning the ports had mostly gone over to the opposition, and would be sure to resent any movement likely to deprive them of their shooting excursions.'

Allansford pushed the cigars towards me and continued.

'As I said, the President and his party put their heads together and held a confabulation. I afterwards heard what passed at the meeting.'

'Who told you?' I inquired, seeing my companion smile.

'Well, it was the President's right-hand man—the Minister

for Foreign Affairs, Finance, War, Marine, and Public Instruction, a gentleman who fortunately believed in hedging. The President got up and gave a crape-and-fire sketch of the position, remarking they were all in the same boat and must sink or swim together, and ended up with a polite request that anyone who had a workable plan to propose should lay it on the table for general consideration.

'Various members of the Government talked different kinds of nonsense, and when they had quite finished, the President got on his legs again.

"What we want," said he, "is, I gather, breathing space—time, in fact, to get clear. To do that we must give the people something interesting to think of—take some step that will create a sensation, and we can't do better than declare war on somebody. It will give us a fortnight's grace, probably more, and before the war can come off we shall be out of it all, besides," he added sweetly, "making it jolly nasty for the party who want to oust us."

'The extraordinary foresight of the President's scheme caused such emotion at this point that business had to be temporarily suspended; but when things had settled down again, they set about choosing the country which should be the subject of their bellicose attentions.

'Opinions differed here.

'One man proposed the United States, but was cried down because the President said he'd heard that they'd lately ordered a navy and initiated a foreign policy, and who could say what they might not do in the first warmth of their feelings?

'He was no fool that President—only downright bad and corrupt.

'The other powers next came under consideration, but were rejected one after another for certain cogent reasons till all the available powers were disposed of excepting England.

"I propose," said the President, "that we declare war against England."

'Dom Miguel had said so many clever things that day, that no one ventured to disagree with him. So, after waiting a reasonable time for objections to be advanced, he proceeded to give the grounds for his choice.

"We know," said he, "that England is big and dignified, and hard to irritate. Also the English element here is not of much account numerically, though they are rich enough to be worth

individual attention. This move of ours will cause a vast sensation, and raise us in the scale of nations, and *we* won't suffer any ill effects. Whereas, if we were to declare war on a little power, they'd take it to heart perhaps, and we'd have their waspy little cruisers here under a week. It's different with England. They'll bring the matter before Parliament, and talk about it, and perhaps send a commission to investigate and report. Meantime we can retire comfortably, and put leagues of sea between us and our country."

"Everyone present felt the soundness of these arguments, so the question was decided, and they passed on to arrange some excuse for picking the quarrel. As luck would have it, they found it very hard to fix on anything to complain of. The English in this district are an orderly lot, mostly engaged in expanding the trade, enriching the state, and generally promoting the welfare of the country.

"But the President again came to the rescue.

"There's a man from Europe boring holes and blasting rocks on the edge of the quagmires under the mountains. He is safe to be English—no other land rears that energetic type of lunatic. I don't know what he is after, but whatever it is he is contravening the treaty. I'll have him fetched to begin with. We might also publish a manifesto against the encroachments of the English, and chuck their Consul into gaol."

"This decided it, and the council broke up, leaving the President to sign the warrant for my arrest, and distributed themselves amongst the various saloons in the town for the purpose of raising Cain.

## II.

"THE President proved to be right in his calculations, for when the news got abroad that the Republic intended to cling to their rights and their boundaries, and to stand out with all their forces against the greed of England, a big demonstration was held in his honour in the Plaza Mayor, and there was some natural anxiety aroused in the minds of the leaders of the opposing party.

"As soon as I became aware of all that had passed at the meeting of the council, I knew the affair promised to be distinctly awkward. That business in Guatemala recurred to my mind—when they all but flogged the Consul to death, you remember. I set about considering what I had better do. I gave the popular excitement a

couple of weeks to subside, but meantime almost anything might happen. A shooting party for my benefit, by way of throwing down the gauntlet to England, was quite on the cards, and would have suited the taste of the populace to a hair. Supposing they took milder measures, the gaol was in any case highly insanitary. I knew they had had Yellow Jack there among a batch of Cubans from Panama not a week before. Besides, a declaration of war, from however rotten and paltry a state, might have turned out a ticklish point for England to arrange at a moment when the world was suffering from a severe go of Anglophobia.

'All things considered, I determined to keep the peace at any price, and not to go to gaol if I could help it.

'Knowing that my time was short, I sent a message down to the only man I knew who could be of any use at such a pinch—Scanderson, in fact—asking him to be with me as soon as possible.

'Scanderson lived in the narrowest street in this dirty little town. I knew he understood the idiosyncrasies of South American Republics—which was most important—and had had considerable experience in revolutions. He had resided in the Republic off and on for some years, and generally had some job or other on hand, and mostly pulled them off too, though some of them were queer enough, I can tell you. His morals were not over-high, and his talk wasn't exactly clean, but I knew he had a head on him, and would do most things for a consideration. And that was about as much as I knew of him at that time.

'I was sitting in this piazza where we are now when he turned up. He was a cross-eyed, clean-shaven man, with a leather-coloured skin.

'I judged it best to give him a clear hint of our predicament, and intimated that efficient advice or help would be looked upon as a valuable contribution, and paid for on a liberal scale.

"It all depends on what you want to do," he said. "If you want my help in this affair, just say what's to be done. Then I'll name my price, and, when details are settled, start gettin' through with it."

"I don't want the British Empire to have a row with this microbe of a state," I explained, "and I don't want to go to gaol."

'Scanderson considered a moment.

"You're not for bolting?" he asked, with his head on one side like a vulture,

"How can I bolt?" I answered angrily. "I've got my work to attend to."

"Just so," he agreed.

"And they're coming to arrest me in an hour."

"Or less," added Scanderson with conviction. "After that they'll raid the houses of the English residents, and then there'll be the deuce to pay."

"I know that, man!" I said, exasperated. "That's just the difficulty."

Scanderson surveyed me dispassionately.

"It will be an ugly business, take my word for it," he remarked, "unless—we stop it."

"Can't you tackle the problem?" I asked; "you know this precious Pacific seaboard better than any man living."

He smoked an inch of green cheroot before he answered me.

"I believe I do, but——"

"Name your price," I said testily.

"Taint altogether a question of dollars," he answered slowly. "If you knew as much of international politics as I do, and had the same sources of information, which you have not—being H.B.M.'s Consul—you'd know that we—taking us as a nation—are in about the tightest place on record."

We sat smoking in dreary silence for many minutes.

"I know that prospector," he began again, waving his hand eastwards; "he's as British as you or I, though his name's Köpsel. But you'll have to stick to it that he's a German, and he'll stick to it too as long as we are down on our luck. I'll pass him the word."

"They won't believe him," I objected.

"No," he assented; "but we could make 'em if——When is that gunboat we keep round here coming back?"

I replied that she was gone for a cruise, and that even if it were possible to wire for her at that instant, it would be a goodish while before she could drop a party of blue-jackets on the hot white wharf below there.

"I'm jiggered!" he said, smoking furiously.

By this time I felt pretty low.

"Can't you suggest anything?" I asked hopelessly. "If you can't, there will be seventy Britons less in this Republic this day week—not to mention further complications."

"Let me alone!" he growled savagely, and sucked at his new smoke with vigour.

'After ten minutes' tobacco he spoke.

"You'll have to guarantee expenses."

"Certainly," I said.

"And 500*l.* down."

"Yes; go on."

"Well, now I'll sketch out my notion. I've a half-dismantled hulk up the coast, that was going to be rafters next week," he commenced.

"The *Bird of Paradise*!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, that's her handle. You know her? I'll ride across and stop the rafter business. You remember the cut of her keel, and the blunt sweep——"

"No, no!" I interrupted in a hurry, "I know nothing of her—except commercially. Don't waste time in describing her; I don't want to have anything to do with her."

"Don't you?" rejoined he roughly. "Yet she's the only stick between you and kingdom come!"

He put his elbows on his knees and bent towards me.

"Look here! I'm going to strip the bulwarks off that old wreck, and ballast her below the Plimsoll line," he said with an odd bitterness I could not then account for, and keeping only the tail of his eye on me to see how I took it. "It's useless to enter into details with you. I'll put a round black turret on her amidships, paint her jet black from stem to stern, and I'll plough her along that blooming blue horizon to scare the natives!"

I simply stared at him; I couldn't imagine what he was driving at.

"Shake yourself awake!" he went on with a good deal of contempt, "and lose no time in reporting to Dom Miguel that you expect her Majesty's turret ship the *Destroyer* along here the third day from now."

"Good Lord!" I said, "you don't suppose they'll rise to a crazy trick like that!"

"Try 'em; that's all!" he replied confidently. "It's crude and it's crazy, but it aint time-worn anyway. It's brand new—this trick is. And who's to say she's not a British war ship? 'Taint you nor me, Mr. Allansford, nor yet our reputations neither, that's backing that ship to be genuine. It's the reputation of England! And I want to know if this Republic is likely to stand up and question that under the guns of the *Destroyer*? I guess not!"

"But the *Bird of Paradise* is well known," I persisted.

"She is, but she won't be long—not by the time I've done with her."

"Besides, she's not seaworthy."

"That's true too, but I'll patch her up and coddle her along under the shore. I've eaten salt biscuit in my time, and, well—she's good for a couple of hundred knots—perhaps. If I fall in with the *Albatross*, I'll send her up sharp."

"He got up and stretched himself, while I opened a bottle of fizz to drink success to the expedition.

"You'd better go the whole hog and tell the President that you'd take it kindly if they could demonstrate a bit in our favour. That'll set 'em buzzing!"

"All right," I said.

"Then he stood awhile as if hesitating, with his glass in his hand, and I thought he was going to say something special, but he only added as he tossed off the wine:

"There's nothing else for it; it's got to be done. You may rely on me, Mr. Allansford. Good-bye."

"He put out a not over-clean paw to shake mine, and I'm proud to say I grasped it heartily.

### III.

'AFTER watching Scanderson's figure slouching away down the hill, I wrote to the President, thinking it might unduly precipitate matters if I showed myself in the town, where feeling was beginning to run high.

'Dom Miguel sent me an ambiguous answer, but the arrest warrant was not executed.'

Allansford paused to light another cigar. Out of the sultry darkness, which had closed by this time, arose a doleful minor melody, wherein the singer likened his love to the *urpilla-chay*, the turtle dove. Allansford shouted a remonstrance, and the sound ceased. I could see nothing but the glowing tip of his cigar as he resumed.

'For the next two days, I was in the deuce of a stew; for, though I lay low, side winds brought me disquieting rumours.

'If anything went wrong, of course all the blame of the misunderstanding would fall on my shoulders. I should certainly be reprimanded, and possibly recalled—if I lived long enough; and as I'm getting on towards the end of my time out here I wished

to avoid that. The bit of marshland that Köpsel had pitched upon was a No Man's Land, which made this blessed little Republic twice as sure it was theirs. In the ordinary course of events I could have arranged the whole business exhaustively over a whisky and soda; but in this case it was different, because the Government were working for a row, and would not be satisfied without one.

'Then I didn't know where it would stop; for once a South American Republic gets the bit between its teeth, there's no saying where it will see fit to pull up short of Judgment Day. There were some scores of English residents scattered about, some with wives and children, and I knew from experience that the first word of war would bring all the cross-breeds about their ears.

'On the afternoon of the third day I got into something clean, reached down my sun hat, and rode round to interview Dom Miguel.

'I was told he was with the ladies, and he left me to cool my heels in the ante-room for a quarter of an hour.

'When he did come along, it was with that stilted hypocritical gait he always adopted when bound on arriving too late to exercise clemency at an execution.

'I greeted him as usual, and he began off-hand about the aggressive spirit manifested by certain foreign powers. The Republic, he assured me, would not suffer foreign aggression. They might be but a small and feeble state, yet for all that they would on no account forego their natural rights. No nation, however great, should encroach upon these rights, and he felt it to be his duty to his country to adopt a firm attitude.

'Patriotism in a South American President invariably means mischief. I knew he was just going to name names, so I dropped a hint about the *Destroyer*.

'“She has not come yet,” he observed pointedly.

'“I expect her to-day,” I replied, with my heart in my mouth.

“From the Terrace we can no doubt see her in the offing.”

'A livid hue crept up into Dom Miguel's big blue cheeks.

'“Let us see,” he said coldly, and preceded me to the Terrace.

'You can bet I hoped Scanderson would be as good as his word, as I walked out after the President.

'You know what the Pacific is like on such a day—as if the light of the universe were focussed to make the glare. Not a

shadow anywhere on the blinding blue of sea and sky, the glitter folds round you till you feel that if you flung out your fist you'd shiver the world like a mirror into splinters of glass at your feet.

'I could see nothing at first for the dazzle. Then on the far edge of the sky I perceived a trail of smoke. Presently the *Destroyer* crawled up out of the horizon like a black slug on the oily roll of the water.

'I pointed to her without a word.

'Dom Miguel just turned and shook me by the hand.

'“My dear sir,” he exclaimed, “how fortunate!”

'I heartily agreed with him.

'“England has ever shown herself the friend and champion of the oppressed,” he continued in a burst of enthusiasm. “As I was saying before we came out, I wish to consult you about the aggressive spirit lately manifested by Germany in this state. I find that a man named Köpsel——” But I needn't tell you any more. We had a friendly drink together, and that was the last of the war.'

'Then Scanderson was successful?' I queried.

'He was. Unwritten history, you know.'

'And where's Scanderson?' I asked.

He made no answer, and for a while we listened in the darkness to the thunder of the surf along the bay.

'Never the lotos closes, never the wildfowl wake,

But a soul goes forth on the east wind that died for England's sake,'

he quoted. 'Who wrote that?—There are qualities planted deep down in us which come to the surface and flourish best on the frontiers of the world.'

I waited for him to finish.

'At first I thought it was the fortune of war,' he resumed at length, 'but later I found that Scanderson had put out to sea with four men at the pumps. The *Bird* wasn't fit to be a penny ferry, let alone meeting the Pacific swell. She went down with all hands off Caraguez.'

E. AND H. HERON.

## *THE GREAT GAME OF CANADA.*

THE wandering sportsmen of the world are most of them men from the North, and though, in pursuit of game, they not only will penetrate, but have penetrated, to every corner of the globe where it exists, it is still true that the climate they prefer is the climate most like their own. This Canada offers them, as well as great game in sufficient abundance to satisfy any one but a butcher or a meat hunter. To these Canada extends no invitation.

As a colony which would emulate the mother country in all that makes for true manhood, the Dominion welcomes, as she has always welcomed, the men who care to pit their cunning, their courage, and their endurance against those of the wild denizens of her mountains and forests, and she gives them a fair field and no favour. The sportsman in Canada must do his own work unless he buys his 'heads.' He cannot hire beaters by the hundred as he can in India or in Africa.

In places where the best of the great game is to be found, no money could secure beaters for a drive on a large scale. The dollars may be abundant, but the population is sure to be sparse. But, on the other hand, in Canada there are no fevers, no sun-strokes, no deadly reptiles except the honest old rattlesnake, who, like a gentleman, always gives you warning before he strikes, and is not, after all, half as deadly as the mamba, or the cobra, or any of those small lithe abominations with which tropical jungles teem.

In our coldest weather there is generally a bright sun to cheer you; in our wettest west coast valleys the salt sea breeze has in it none of that bitterness which shrivels up the Londoner's liver in May, and after our hardest day's work unbroken slumber brings fresh strength for morning.

I have shot in many lands since I was boy, in some of which perhaps game was more plentiful than it is in Canada to-day, but I say unhesitatingly that there is no climate on earth known to me so intoxicatingly delicious as that of the uplands of Canada and the States when the leaves of the cotton woods hang like drops of amber against a blue sky; when the wapiti has

finished burnishing his weapons, and the bears have grown fat on the berry harvest.

And the game is worthy of the hunting ground. Practically, in writing of the great game of the Dominion we are writing of the great game of North America, for it would be difficult to find any of the larger mammals which exist in the States, and do not occur in any of our own provinces.

In British Columbia alone, that beautiful province which I know best, can be found almost all the principal beasts of the chase known upon this continent, just as in that province you can find almost any temperate climate you choose, from the moist warm summer of Devon to the dry bracing winter of Manitoba.

But it is a mistake too commonly made by new-comers to think that you can find any place in the Dominion where in one short autumn hunt you can kill specimens of every variety of North American game. Each beast has its natural habitat, and is seldom found out of it. Some, like the antelope, love the limitless, treeless plains of Assiniboia, where, in the gulches which split up the country, you may also bag white and black-tailed deer, and possibly (once in a lifetime) a grizzly; others, like the moose, love the deep sombre woods which grow densely round that long line of lakes running through the continent from the Great Slave Lake to Mattawa, and with these, or near them, you may meet caribou either in Cassiar or on the Atlantic; others, like the wapiti, love the cotton-wood brakes and higher altitudes of Montana and Colorado, but may be found, nevertheless, almost at the sea-level in the densely timbered island of Vancouver, about the Riding Mountains and the neighbourhood of Winnipeg; whilst on the tops of the bald mountains are the grandest beasts of all, the big horns; and on the precipitous slopes below these that quaint old-world beast, with a hump on his back, fringed drawers on his legs, and confiding stupidity in his eye—the Rocky Mountain goat.

I am afraid almost to say where the grizzly may be found, because no one seems really certain as yet what a 'genu-wine grizzly' is. Of course I know that a score of gentlemen, who have possibly never shot a bear, will be ready to tell me all about them off-hand, but having studied these beasts for over twenty years, I am ready to confess to some uncertainty about the exact definition of a grizzly. 'He is a bar, a tarnation great bar, you bet; as big as one of Brown's steers,' is about the local definition. Experts

say that he should have a broad head, and short compared to his black cousins, white claws and straight, a lift at the shoulder, and a temper like that of an Irish-American editor when he is writing about England. Luckily he is not often a black bear, though if you credit, as I do implicitly, the statement of that good sportsman, the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, he has almost, if not quite, been that. This gentleman mentions that he has seen 'ordinary black bears with year-old grizzly cubs shaped differently from the mother, unmistakably owing both their shape and colour to the parentage of the male grizzly,' whilst the last grizzly which I hunted looked at a distance of three hundred yards as nearly black as anything short of a burnt log can look. If, however, the 'old-timers' are right, the only 'real genu-wine grizzlies' are to be found in California, and if so, they are the only big beasts of the chase which are found in the States and not in the Dominion; and even here I would venture to suggest that anything more like a grizzly than the beast which used to attract the attention of Canadian Pacific Railway passengers at Medicine Hat would be difficult to find. That at any rate was a Canadian bear, and there are many such to be found in the Selkirks, in the Kootenays, in Cassiar, and elsewhere in British Columbia. At any rate, no one will be found to deny that there are a very large number of bears of one kind or another in Canada, whether any of them be true grizzlies or not. Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, F.G.S., in his 'Mammalia of Canada,' divides our bears into four species—grizzly, barren ground, black, and polar bears; but a question seems to have been raised recently as to whether the so-called grizzly of the district about the Fraser should be put in a class by himself, whilst a new bear altogether has been recently reported from Mount St. Elias, to be known as the blue bear, or *Ursus Emmonsii*.

Roughly speaking, as a hunter and not as a naturalist, the big grey-brown bear is found in Canada principally in or west of the Rockies, although in earlier days, when buffalo were plentiful, he used to frequent the plains of the Saskatchewan. In Eastern Canada the black bear alone is found, and, oddly enough, upon Vancouver's Island the same rule holds, although just across the Straits there are plenty of grey bears.

In writing a short article of this kind upon a very wide subject, it is hardly possible to go very carefully into matters of detail; and, indeed, if I did so, I should but repeat what I have written elsewhere and have not yet seen cause to alter; but, speaking

generally, it may be said that, beginning upon the Atlantic coast, the hunter will first fall in with caribou and black bear; as he goes west he will find moose in some abundance on the western edge of the province of Quebec, about the headwaters of the Mattawa river and round the great lakes, together with a certain number of black bear and white-tailed deer; that about Winnipeg he will, if he goes far enough from civilisation, find wapiti and moose in closer proximity to each other than is usual with them; that in Assineboia he will find the antelope very plentiful, and both white and black-tailed deer in fair numbers; that as soon as he touches the Rockies he will get into sheep country (some of the best heads ever obtained having been brought into Morley to the east of the divide); and that when he reaches British Columbia, if it is sport he is seeking, he will find enough of all kinds of game to induce him to stay.

There may be, and very likely is, better moose hunting in Eastern Canada than any we have in British Columbia, although the men who spend their winters on the Liard, at Dease Lake and in similar districts, kill large bags and secure some exceedingly good heads; there is undoubtedly fine shooting for those who know how to find it in the district tributary to Winnipeg, but taking everything into consideration, I don't hesitate to recommend British Columbia as the best province for all-round big game shooting in the Dominion. I say *big* game advisedly, because though to a stranger to the north-west our duck shooting may seem good, it is mere vanity and vexation of spirit compared to the duck shooting farther east.

During the remainder of this article I shall, then, speak of British Columbian sport as more or less typical of Canadian sport generally; but it must not be assumed that there is any one part of even our favoured province in which you can shoot every variety of North American game, nor any locality in which the game beasts are so numerous as to be fairly 'jostling' one another, or so tame as to wait for a gentleman in hobnailed boots whistling a music-hall tune as he walks down wind to them.

But if a keen, good sportsman came out here for a year, he might spend every month of it in sport; he might hunt bear in early spring, until their coats began to deteriorate in June; he might then learn what it means to catch more fish than you want to, in the Kootenay or Columbia; in August he might start for the moose and caribou grounds beyond Dease Lake, taking a shot

at the big *Ursus Richardsonii* on the way, and if out from the north in time he might catch the sheep low down on the Fraser (not such good sport as when they are on the tops) and the mule deer swarming on their winter ranges. After Christmas he would have to amuse himself with ducks and geese, a panther hunt on the island (one of these beasts was killed almost in barracks last week, April 26, by a sergeant of the Royal Marine Artillery), or with the spring salmon and steelheads up at Cowitchan.

Let him come when the snow is crawling back up the mountains and the prospectors are following it to the places where the gold comes from; when the fields round Victoria, British Columbia, are white with the great erythronium, and the lower ridges in Kootenay golden with its yellow kinsman; when the swamps are heavy with the musk of the skunk cabbage and the bears are just beginning to think that it is time to get about again. If he is a trifle too early he can run up to the Cowitchan river and try his mettle amongst the big steelheads (a kind of trout running up to twelve pounds) and the sea trout, and harden himself a little whilst he listens to the scream of his reel by that beautiful river.

In May he should be away in the mountains with *two* Indians, if he is new to the country, or one if he is used to finding his own way about in the woods. That is the perfection of wild life. In May everything is fresh, everything lovely, and the bears' coats in prime condition. With a small string of ponies (wonderful beasts, worth studying), to carry the blankets and pots and pans, the flour and bacon, you jog along a trail until the last town is well behind you. On the second day you begin to climb. On the third you find yourself in a land where the big anemones are coming into bloom, and where down in the stream bed the scented buds of the balsam are just opening. Here you probably find the first bear tracks. If you don't, you will find them in the snow near some patch of young mountain grass. Watch these places at dawn and at dusk, and when the restless little chick-a-dee is calling, just about dawn, you will probably some day see a great form slouch out of the heavier shadow of the pine forest and come lurching toward you. It will be wonderful if it does not look the biggest bear you ever saw. A bear *is* 'big' when seen alone and out of doors, and loses nothing in size from the uncertainty of the light.

If you are lucky enough to kill you have done something to be proud of, for though he does not often charge the grizzly is not

a beast to be played with, and there is always just a chance that upon that ruinous stone slide you may have to fight for all that you have to lose, and win, if you do win, by your unaided exertions.

That is the true charm of sport out west. To be 'any good' you must be a man, not a member of society; a creature which can fend for itself and exist *in spite* of its environments, not a being propped up by its surroundings, unable to change its position without the aid of a hansom, or feed itself unless some one else will light a fire and cook its food. Of course, to enjoy such a life you must be something more than a mere marksman. If the shot is all you care for, take my advice and go elsewhere. Rabbit-shooting is better fun than bear-hunting. The shots come oftener, are more varied, more 'sporting,' and more difficult. In bear-shooting you may not get one shot a week, but then, to be happy in the mountains, you must have an eye for nature, be keen to know the meaning of every call in the tree-tops, of every track in the snow, of every plunge in the stream; content if each day shows you some new wonder of flower or bird, or teaches you one more secret of the great silent life of the woods.

Some of us could sit for a day watching a slide, and never weary though the bears only came at dusk, or never came at all; but this is not given to everyone, and those to whom it is not given had better let bear-shooting alone, for, like fishing, it needs lots of patience, a knowledge of the beast's habits, and feet as silent as the old bear's own.

Of course, if you are inclined to, you can hunt bear all through the summer. Like the geese, bears have no close time, but after the earlier days of June their coats become mangy, and naked as the outside of a portmanteau, so that though they are easy enough to find then, wandering about on the bars of rivers and feeding in the berry-patches, it is a pity to kill them. Instead, it would be better to go with Mr. Bruin as a friend to the Columbia, or Kootenay, or Nimpkish River, and just for once learn what it means to catch more fish than you want to, and watch him fishing. We have all of us known what it means to fish like the Apostles, to toil all day and take nothing, but here you may try the other extreme, may take off all except your tail fly to avoid having to play two fish at once, and being a merciful man, may shut in a pool with a rough dam to hold your fish, in order that when your sport is over you may be able to let all your captives go, except the half-dozen chosen for the frying-pan. This may

sound like Yankee exaggeration. On the Kootenay River in August such fishing is not exceptional, and on the Nimpkish, in Vancouver Island, I have myself, with three rods to help me, killed well over 500 fish, averaging  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb., in three short days. A certain gallant English admiral, if his eye falls on these lines, will witness if I lie. But then we had a flagship to feed with fish. As a rule, the pity of it is that you have to stop fishing because you can do nothing with your catch.

Toward the end of July a visit to the capital will not come amiss. There may be letters awaiting you, and, at any rate, you probably want some few things for your 'fall' hunt. Possibly you may be longing for a whisky and soda, or wondering whether there are no other beauties in the world besides the beauties of nature. I am credibly informed that there are, at Victoria and elsewhere on the coast, but my advice is not to waste too much time in their study, for nowadays the man who wants sport must go far to get it, and 'packing in' is slow work.

My own chief difficulty when the season begins is not to decide where I can find game, but to make up my mind to which of many places I will go. Were I a man without ties, as so many are, I should find the decision even harder to arrive at, because the wider you can stray the greater your opportunities become. For the ambitious there are the lands of the yellow-knives and musk oxen in the far north, the white sheep at the head of Cook's Inlet, as yet barely known to science, the great bears of Kamtchatka, the new blue bear, *Ursus Emmonsii*, of Mount St. Elias, and those thirteen-foot skins (bears) which we have heard of in Alaska.

For the less ambitious, or less free, there is still an enormous choice of shooting-grounds in Canada. Even in British Columbia you may well hesitate between a big bear hunt in one of the inlets up the coast, Cook's, or Bute, or Loughboro'; a caribou hunt in the Vernon district or West Kootenay; a sheep hunt on some glorious upland range in the interior, or a wearisome heart-breaking blunder after wapiti on the island.

Of course, the finest trophies are the hardest to win. The one or two men who disappear for many months or years through one of the gateways to the Arctic slope kill their dozens of moose and caribou, but they pay for their sport by living like wolves through the winter. It is not all fun in the far north. The last man who 'came in' went on snow-shoes a little jaunt of 2,000 miles last

winter, to pass the time and keep warm between the hunting season and the time to 'come out.'

Again, if you hunt grizzlies in Alaska you must be prepared to endure all the miseries of wet camps and rough river navigation in canoes, to hunt at dark and dawn, and keep still all day; and if you hunt wapiti on the island you must expect to work hard in a densely timbered district for a snapshot or two at the finest stag on earth. When you have packed your grub in and your horns out you will have earned them.

Having killed both wapiti and grizzly, I confess that when September comes my own heart longs for the great yellow uplands, where every breath is full of new life, where every flower is vivid as flame, where there is no crawling through bush, or patient squatting in marshes, but where you see your beast from afar and stalk him.

Sheep, thank Providence, are still fairly plentiful in British Columbia, if you know where to look for them, as are their neighbours, the goats, whilst the handsome mule deer are fabulously numerous in some districts, a fact which may be best illustrated by the following quotation from a local paper published in British Columbia last year. 'A Mr. Inglee, of White Lake, told me that in 1891 a certain doctor stayed with him for thirty or forty days, in which time he killed over 200 deer which he left to rot, not even taking their heads.' 'The Province,' July 6, 1895, then comments fairly on this *sportsman*. Let us assume that our visitor is of my way of thinking, and that September is to be spent in the hills. Possibly we may go into the same range in which we hunted in the spring and with the same guide. It will be pleasanter if we do, especially if we happen to be of the class of sportsmen which makes friends even with a Siwash, and therefore gets rather more out of him than Mr. Millionaire's extra dollar a day can buy. But if we are going into the same range we are going higher; we are going 'Si-yah' and 'away back' where the purple crawling folds of the hills have still a few pockets of unmelted snow in them. Here when we reach our first permanent camp we shall find the mountain carpeted with golden grass, with cup-like hollows here and there, and here and there damp spots where, thanks to the trickle from a snow patch, the grass is still lush and green, and the fiery orange of the 'painted cup' still vivid. By day this beautiful land is absolutely perfect; the elastic moss tempts you, and makes walking a delight instead of

a weariness; the little breeze, the rarefied atmosphere and the glancing sunlight fill you with high spirits; the moving forms seen on every skyline keep you interested, but with the daylight the charm changes. 'Twas merry in the good green wood or on the mountain in the morning, but when the sun has gone down a wild wind begins to rave, the little twisted trees shudder and lean together for protection, the chill of the snow which is melting through the moss makes itself felt, and in the gloom there are other things about besides the bouncing deer and the gallant sheep.

With luck and patience, a man should in his two months' 'shoot' kill as many fair-sized rams as he has any right to; enough good specimens of mule deer to satisfy him, and perhaps a bear or two, or a black wolf, or wolverine or some other unlooked-for odds and ends. If he wants to, and will climb high enough, he cannot (in British Columbia) help getting a few goats.

Is this good enough? To me, as I remember the crisp mornings, the solemn gloom of dusk, the gleam of great camp fires, the eager way in which one's limbs used to stretch over the hillside as if no work could satisfy them until they sank, warm with a pleasant weariness, on the sweet-scented bed of hemlock boughs; to me, with the song of the night wind, and the voice of the mountains calling to me that in two more days it will be May, there is no doubt as to the answer.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

## PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

*November 2nd.*—There was a curious demonstration in the farmyard this morning, suggesting to the philosophic mind that men are but chickens of a larger growth; at least proving that the commonwealth of fowls contains an element which we in our vanity are apt to consider especially human, for *human* and *humane* are the same word. Two cocks were taking steps to settle a dispute in the fearless old fashion with beak and spur; all the preliminaries of the duel had been gone through punctiliously and the principals were about to engage, when a bevy of fair guinea-hens, some twenty in number, rushed again and again between the combatants and at last succeeded in frustrating their purpose. The manners of guinea-fowl repay attention; at the first blush they appear foolish birds—indeed, as witless as a guinea-hen is one of our family proverbs—but this is a vulgar error; and perhaps some day I may collect into a letter to the press some *ana* upon the subject to which the touching story of the dove's laying one *immortelle* on the bosom of his dead mate will be as moonlight unto sunlight. Here I note that they are the Quakeresses of their society. Observe their dress, how low in tone—the familiar slate-colour—but how rich in substance. Observe how they segregate themselves from the other barn-door fowls, and prefer to roost in a tree, from which in winter they sometimes fall down frozen, rather than sleep in a Gothic building with their fellow Christians. I have mentioned above a remarkable instance of their distaste for bloodshed; they carry this so far that it is a matter of great difficulty to catch and kill them. In one point only would they have displeased George Fox: they are extremely loquacious, but then so is the new school of 'Friends.'

*7th.*—I journeyed to Reading to spend a few hours in the bookshops, for since Mr. Saintsbury went north to profess in Edinburgh, there is a little more chance of picking up there some unconsidered trifles. But in Broad Street I encountered the High Sheriff's coach taking the Lord Chief Justice to the Assize Court, and not having yet seen Lord Russell on the bench I joined the Hogarthian crowd and followed him in. Two or three things struck me; first, and most conspicuously, the utter boredom

of the poor High Sheriff, who has to sit next the judge in a tight uniform, and look wiser than he feels; secondly, the good nature of the police, who handle the prisoners as if they loved them; then the half-stupid look of the prisoners, as if they had come by a dark stair into a great light, and the villainous look they have, due to the want of linen round the throat; but what struck me most was the very evident effort made by the judge to say something that might impress each offender who came before him. With counsel he was a good deal less patient, taking them in snuff in more senses than one. The cases were disgusting, and I did not sit long, but turned into the Biscuit Factory to see my favourite sight, the making of cracknels. It is the very type of hell. First the poor flakes of souls are thrown into the boiling waves of Pyriphlegethon and disappear; presently they rise to the surface, and are skimmed out and dashed into the biting lymph of Cocytus—

‘And feel the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.’

Since first I saw the sight—and I never go to Reading without seeing it, if it is to be seen—I cannot eat a cracknel, and they are my favourite biscuits, without calling to mind those mediæval pictures in which lost souls are being crushed between the jaws of a monster I will not name. It is not altogether an agreeable reminiscence. The Reading shopkeepers are an amiable set of men who display their wares with something of the enthusiasm more common among vendors of curiosities, taking an interest in the things it would seem for their own sake; though the curiosity-mongers sometimes carry their indifference to custom a little far. For instance, old A. showed me an enamelled snuff-box given by Napoleon to one of his generals, and all I could get out of him about it was, ‘Ah! I have refused a price for that;’ what price I couldn’t bring him to say. Perhaps he was on intimate terms with my banker, and knew it could not concern me in any practical sense. The jeweller, on the other hand, to whom I had to go about some repairs, brought out a magnificent peridot with the remark, ‘For this I am only asking 800 guineas.’ ‘Ah!’ I said, ‘really, is that all?’ I suspect this engaging habit of taking a customer’s wealth for granted arises from their experience that ‘imputation’ is a force in the market no less than in morals. People discover they can afford things because the dealer assumes that virtue in them. ‘Possunt quia posse videntur.’ How many and

how cunning are the excuses one considers it necessary to make to oneself for purchases! Now that a thing is cheap; now that it is so much more satisfactory to buy a really good thing for a five-pound note than to be always squandering crowns. It is the price we pay for keeping a conscience, that it will still be talking and must be cajoled! The oddest excuse ever devised for violent bibliomania is surely this of Coleridge's, which I came upon yesterday:—

'In case of my speedy death, it would answer to buy a 100*l.* worth of carefully chosen books, in order to attract attention to my library and to give accession to the value of books by their co-existing with co-appurtenants' ('Anima Poetæ,' p. 183).

Alas! to most of us that thought of speedy death is rather a deterrent. There are a few heroes who put 'Nunc mihi, mox aliis' on their book-plates; just as there are a few philosophical poets like Lucretius and Mr. Davidson who glory that all concourses of atoms (and books are, in a way, atoms) are but fortuitous and will soon dissolve; but who, except a philosopher, would buy books with his own auction catalogue before his mind's eye? And books are such a bad investment. 'I was at a sale the other day,' said a bookseller to me, 'it was Lord C.'s, and if it had not been for an Italian, I could have bought at my own price.' 'Bless the Italian!' said I. I make it a religious duty to attend all the book sales within reach, just to help up the price for the sake of 'the fatherless children and widows,' but if ordinary book-collectors were wise they would stipulate in their wills, as I have done, that their books are not to be sold by auction, but valued by two trustworthy booksellers independently, and the larger offer accepted. The only book of any special interest I found in Reading to-day was a miscellaneous volume of first editions of Byron's poems with the autograph of Helen Shelley; and I bought little else, though I was haunted all day by that phrase of Coleridge's about 'co-existing with co-appurtenants.' Folios, quartos, dumpy duodecimos, seemed to be putting out forlorn hands to me and entreating that I should end their exile and let them co-exist with some co-appurtenant on my happy shelves. And here at home I am conscious, as never before, of great gaps; *lacunæ valde deflendæ*. But that way madness lies! I suppose everyone has a grain of malice in his composition somewhere, and if he is a book-collector it is apt to show itself there; perhaps as harmless a vent as it can take. Mr. Lang tells a moral tale of a certain Thomas Blinton

who suffered a terrible purgatory for collecting the early amorous poetry of Bishops and Cabinet Ministers. My wicked passion is for presentation copies of books (not being minor poetry or otherwise uninteresting) by living authors; and it has usually been not the gratitude of men but the high price asked for the autograph that has left me mourning. A catalogue to-day advertises a copy of 'Modern Painters,' with the inscription 'Coventry K. Patmore, Esq.,<sup>1</sup> with the author's sincere regards, 15 Jan. 1856,' but the price demanded is exorbitant. I am particularly sorry to lose it because my secret cabinet already contains a presentation copy of a poem of Mr. Patmore's to another living and distinguished man of letters. Only once did I ever mention such a purchase to the donor of the book; it was in the early days of my zeal, and not being a maker of books I did not understand all the forces involved; but I received a severe lesson. I had gone up to town for a night, had found the book in a shop, and by a curious chance was dining with the writer, who was, and is, a great friend. Both my friend and his wife have a remarkable gift of silence, and the announcement of my discovery, made too light-heartedly, was received into a polar stillness that froze the blood. Both looked at their plates steadily while a man could count fifty; then my friend said, 'For the time of year we are remarkably free from fog.' Of course, being after all a man and no worm, I was obliged to recur to my topic, but I have never repeated the experiment.

11th.—A lady who is said to have wished to shatter the British Empire in the interest of the Armenians has had greatness thrust upon her, somewhat unkindly, by Lord Salisbury in his speech at Guildhall. Possibly the Latins who used the proverb 'Fiat justitia ruat cælum' were no less ridiculously bent on shattering the universe. Many papers with less than Lord Salisbury's humour allow themselves something more than his pleasantry. If they would only admit, first, that affairs at Constantinople are as bad as they can be, and secondly that it is a reproach to civilisation that they should be as they are, no one could grumble at their going on to say that it is not for the man (or woman) in the street to walk into the Foreign Office. But they compose leading articles which declaim against 'humanitarian sentiment.' I should be curious to hear the Stoical formulæ with which the editor of the — would show his superiority to 'sentiment,' if

<sup>1</sup> See entry on Nov. 27.

the victims of the Sultan's *rabies* were his own wife and children. Where lies the sting in that word 'sentiment'? In literature the vice is intelligible enough; a sentimental poet or novelist is one who coins the tears of the public into private drachmas by exaggerating, or at least isolating, some piece of human misery, without looking for any 'soul of goodness' in its evil. But when the question is one of bare fact, how can a person who calls attention to the fact and stigmatises it be censured as 'sentimental'? If I apply for a summons because I have been more or less garrotted in a London fog, what sense would there be in the magistrate's calling my grievance 'sentimental'? Or if the victim were a friend or neighbour, what rebuke would there be in his calling my application 'humanitarian'? In this Armenian question we have not to do with any pettifogging scruple, such as has made 'the nonconformist conscience' a by-word times and again, nor with any hastily caught-up enthusiasm of 'the British mobility,' the 'stormy people unsad and ever untrue,' which may shift with to-morrow's wind. The only reasonable ground for calling the recent agitation 'sentimental' would be the conviction that the people who make it are unwilling to pay the cost of letting their feelings pass into action. But of this there is no sign. Of course to say this is not to admit that war would be justified; that is a question for government; a war might very possibly give us only a halfpennyworth of justice to an intolerable deal of ruined ceiling; and, as Lord Salisbury hints, it would almost certainly mean wiping out the Armenians.

One phrase of Lord Salisbury's speech opens a curious vista. 'Our duty is . . . to the people who form the armies of continental Europe.' Men of my profession, unlike the 'guardians' of Plato's Republic, are not usually philosophers, and they will wonder how a *casus belli* can possibly arise if statesmen are swayed by such 'humanitarian sentiment.'

16th.—One of the greatest charms of autumn is the opportunity it offers for improvements in the house and garden and estate. I think even Tom feels this new spirit in the blood, and in the intervals of hunting roams round his fields, planting hedges and making fences, and perhaps can be brought by the woodman now and then to cut any tree that is palpably noxious to a neighbour—a neighbouring tree, that is, not a human being; Tom has no sympathy with the modern notion that trees can prejudice health. The medical officer may tell us we shall never be with-

out a spring epidemic till a whirlwind gets in and has a good game of ninepins; but Tom inherits my father's taste for planting and distaste for cutting, so that medical officers preach to deaf ears. And certainly the Hall stands well above the village, and out of harm's way. My 'improvements' this year will be simple enough: a door knocked through a blank wall, a new flower border in the kitchen garden, a tree felled to open a view, and the Gothic porch taken down from the doorway, which is Georgian. This last alteration has cost me some searchings of heart; for the porch itself is of some antiquity. Sophia points out that on wet days our callers will have to stand in the rain till the door is opened; but a little rain hurts no one, and besides on wet day people do not call, or, if they do, they carry umbrellas. I suppose the passion for making improvements rests at bottom on the law of self-preservation, our surroundings being really a part of ourselves. It is a way of giving freshness to worn impressions, of bringing into notice again what is ever tending to slip below the level of consciousness. Even Eugenia I have observed, though inclined to parsimony in matters of toilette, manages to vary her dress with considerable skill; and at least once a season Sophia rearranges the drawing-room furniture, and rehanges some of the dining-room pictures. We are all more or less obliged by nature to say with Nebuchadnezzar, 'Is not this great Babylon, that I have built?' If we did not, we should lapse, not only into vegetarianism, like that unfortunate monarch, but into vegetables.

19th.—Fogs are not pleasant even in the country, but they are clean, and sometimes they are beautiful. To-day, for instance, the plough teams were at work in the field called 'Lynches' (I believe from its terraces), and the broadening purple-brown bands and the fallow between them were filmed over with a velvety opalescence very like the tender bloom on cold gravy.

I made a note the other day of my scepticism as to the civilising influence of picture galleries upon uneducated people. I had occasion to-day to show myself no less sceptical about another fashionable form that modern philanthropy takes, namely, to collect a savage horde of London roughs and take them to spend an afternoon in a friend's grounds. What good result is aimed at? Not fresh air, for that can be as well enjoyed in the public parks! If the parties were under the patronage of the Fabian Society I could understand them, and I should applaud their policy, for nothing could be so well contrived to make people

envious. But what good object do they serve? It is difficult by your smiles, however gracious, to persuade a hundred people whom you have never seen before that you are pleased to see them; they are not deceived, and they are not in the least pleased to see you; they come frankly for what they can get. A lady who has been in the habit of conducting such parties, and to whom this afternoon I opened these views, was horrified at first by their 'cynicism,' as she phrased it; but presently she told me not a few stories which on reflection may perhaps lead her to spend her time and talents more profitably. On one occasion she had been remonstrating with some factory girls for picking their hostess's apples; they were quite small and green, for it was early summer; and the girls turned on her with indignant surprise. 'Why, if we don't take them now, we sha'n't get another chance.' If good ladies who practise such hospitality would extend it to unfortunate members of their own class, it would be appreciated. But it is far easier to wash the feet of ten beggars than entertain one poor relation. Speaking of the Fabian Society has put me in mind of an amusing circumstance relating to William Morris, that befell a year or two ago. We were paying our first call upon a newly married pair, the husband (call him Mr. John Bull) being a typical country squire. Mrs. Bull has an inclination towards art, or perhaps I should say art-in-the-home. Some patterns of chintz had just arrived and were being inspected, and as we were old friends the examination was not stopped by our visit. Presently Mr. B. had an inspiration: 'I suppose they're not from that Socialist fellow, who says I mustn't have a glass of sherry, because my fogger can only afford beer; what's his name?—Morris; because, if they are, I won't let him drink *his* sherry at my expense.' Alas, they were Morris's! The discussion was not continued in our presence, but we were pretty sure remonstrance would be unavailing; and so Sophia consoled pretty Mrs. B. by saying she knew of a place where they made the most *delightful* copies of *really old* things for *ridiculously low* prices, &c. &c. I respect a man who carries his political principles into domestic life. I heard the other day that this same young gentleman had ransacked a whole toy-shop to find something for his heir-apparent not 'made in Germany.' But no one is absolutely consistent, and I know by pleasant experience that even Mr. Bull is not a stickler for British wine and tobacco.

Let me insert here a letter of William Morris's which is

interesting at the present moment for several reasons. It is dated from 26 Queen Square, October 29 [no year]:—

‘Many thanks for your letter. I am heartily pleased if my speaking out may do any good to anybody beyond easing my own mind: I entirely approve of your suggestion about the taxes, and heartily agree to pledge myself in no way to help any war waged to prop up Turkey: for surely *that* dog has had its day. I also am in no wise a “public” man, and I confess it has been a great strain for me to open my mouth in this matter; but in future I will do whatever I can, though I am a very busy man otherwise. As to the danger of war, of course I don’t suppose that the government would dare to declare it without laying the matter before Parliament; but God knows what quagmires they may not drag us into; and in meanwhile I, who see a good many well-to-do people, manufacturers and customers that I have dealings with, cannot help noting that men look on the likelihood of war with a languid complacency, which seems to me in a high<sup>1</sup> degree dangerous: that humbug of a Russian bugbear has been used with great success by the Tories, and I do assure you that I believe among the “educated” classes we have but few people with us: in the meanwhile, again, the base part we have been made to play against at all events the *apparent* will of the people bewilders me almost as much as it shames and grieves me: and the way in which people have turned their backs upon their own selves, and eaten their own words within the last month, is surely without example in our history: fools, braggarts, and cowards are the only words for us now. One thing I want to find out is, can the working classes be got to look upon it as important to them, as it most assuredly is? I must tell you that my going to that Hyde Park meeting was the first thing that fairly opened my eyes to the hollowness of a great deal of the meeting business, which no doubt that scoundrel Disraeli had seen from the first: just fancy, no more than about four hundred people meeting after all that preparation! Say three hundred in earnest about the business, and a fringe of half-amused loiterers.’

23rd.—I have found it difficult to believe, notwithstanding the reassurance of the Editor, that these pages from my journal can be of interest to anyone outside the family. But this morning’s post brings evidence that I have at least readers. One gentleman, somewhat misunderstanding a query of mine, writes an

<sup>1</sup> Crossed through, and ‘the highest’ substituted.

interesting letter, which I have no space to quote, about Addison's comparison of Marlborough to an angel; another, seeing that I am no Turcophile, is good enough to present me with a copy of his book, which aims at proving that the Turks are Edomites, and that therefore we English, as representing the lost tribes of Israel, are bound to fulfil prophecy by crushing them; a third, who I regret to say is a clergyman, charges me with profanity. Profanity is one of those charges, like that of bad taste, against which one defends oneself in vain; but as the writer of the letter gives his name and address, and appears to be a real person and to be in earnest, I will explain to him that the stories<sup>1</sup> which have given him offence are not jokes, but true histories of children's attempts at theologising. Perhaps my correspondent has no children of his own, or perhaps they inherit some defect of imagination; otherwise his experience would probably have furnished him with a sufficient number of parallels. Perhaps, too, if he had been a regular reader of CORNHILL, as by his writing three months after date he can hardly be, he might by this time have assured himself that I am no Esau,

But have with holy bell been knoll'd to church  
And sat at good men's feasts.

27th.—The papers to-day announce the death of Mr. Patmore. The great poets at the beginning of the century died young, at the end they are living to full age; I say 'great poets' because, if the quality of his best work be considered, there seems no reason why Patmore should not rank as such. Take away his five-o'clock-tea verses, his political verses, his Roman Catholic verses, with their mystical and somewhat nauseous Mariolatry, and there still remains a considerable volume that will live as long as any of the later verse of the century, because it has something to say and says it exquisitely. To mention 'A Revelation' and 'The Spirit's Epochs' from 'The Angel in the House,' 'A Farewell,' 'The Departure,' 'Winter,' and 'The Toys,' is to enumerate half a dozen poems that the world—unless it very much alters—will not willingly let die; but it is not to exhaust the list of successes. Many of the 'Preludes' in 'The Angel in the House,' besides those already referred to, all written in the octosyllabic metre over which he attained such mastery, are excellent. An old favourite of mine is 'The Wife's Tragedy,' which mounts in pathos verse after verse

<sup>1</sup> See CORNHILL, September 1896, p. 402. I joke with difficulty, but should I in future intend a joke I will label it like Artemus Ward.

till it reaches its height in that single-line simile ; perhaps the best, certainly the most unforgettable, thing in Patmore.

Man must be pleased : but him to please  
Is woman's pleasure ; down the gulf  
Of his condoled necessities  
She casts her best, she flings herself.

And whilst his love has any life,  
Or any eye to see her charms,  
At any time she's still his wife,  
Dearly devoted to his arms ;  
She loves with love that cannot tire ;  
And when, ah woe, she loves alone,  
Through passionate duty love springs higher,  
*As grass grows taller round a stone.*

It marks the accomplished artist that after achieving such success and popularity in one style, Patmore should in 'The Unknown Eros' have achieved equal success, though not equal popularity, in verse of an entirely different stamp—a kind of choral ode, imitated probably from Drummond of Hawthornden. To take a specimen, from a passage where a poet for once speaks well of his critic :

How high of heart is one, and one how sweet of mood ;  
But not all height is holiness,  
Nor every sweetness good ;  
And grace will sometimes lurk where who could guess ?  
The critic of his kind,  
Dealing to each his share,  
With easy humour, hard to bear,  
May not impossibly have in him shrined,  
As in a gossamer globe or thickly padded pod,  
Some small seed dear to God.

Well, one hopes so, especially when one praises.

28th.—In turning over a chest of old books I found an album that had belonged to my mother in early youth, made about the years 1816-22. There were prints of many Berkshire towns and great houses, a vast collection of newspaper cuttings, and much manuscript verse. The cuttings were largely from poets' corners, the poets being Haynes Bayley, Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., Barry Cornwall,<sup>1</sup> and other extinct meteors ; but some were anecdotes

<sup>1</sup> I only knew one major poet in my life, and I once asked him if he had ever read Barry Cornwall. 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'I *shaved* right through him.' Poets who cannot anticipate more than a single reading, and who object to 'line a box,' might do worse than publish with Messrs. Pears. Their poems could then be issued in blocks, like office calendars ; one leaf to be read each day while lathering, and then pulled off and used—as my friend used Barry Cornwall.

and some were conundrums—a form of merriment now happily restricted to children's parties. I quote one for its political reference: 'Why is the Emperor Nicholas of Russia like most people on Christmas Day? Because he is going to cut up Turkey.' We should have to put it—'Why is the Emperor Nicholas like a pauper on Christmas Day?' and put a *not* into the answer. The main interest lay of course, and the only remaining interest lies, in the original contributions of the author's friends. Warren Hastings appears to have been much worshipped, and his retirement at Daylesford is sung very tropically—

Naught invades  
The still unbroken twilight of the shades  
Save the cool whisper of the tumbling rill,  
Which from the shelvy side of yon hoar hill,  
Now caught, now lost amid th' obtruding leaves,  
Foams down the craggy channel which it cleaves,  
Then through the vale with mitigated force  
Glides unperceived, forgetful of its source;  
As one by ceaseless persecution worn,  
Beset with ills, yet proof to fortune's scorn,  
Greatly retires, collected and resigned,  
Nor casts one look of self-reproach behind.

What a pity that Gray had anticipated that last line! I know a young poet who has written a very pretty ode which opens, 'Let us go hence, she will not hear my songs!' which probably seems to him a considerable improvement on Mr. Swinburne's 'Let us go hence, my songs, she will not hear!'

On another page of the album I came upon some doggerel which would seem to have been penned with a view to giving as exactly as possible the current pronunciation of certain words, the spelling of which was even more unhelpful than usual.

Once in merry Berkshire there l-  
-ived a charming little girl,  
With a charming dog called Smut,  
Tan as tan, and black as soot,  
Who could draw a cart, and fetch  
All he wanted, beg, and catch.  
Once, alas! poor Smut was lost;  
It was winter, and the frost  
Nipt his little chest, which was  
Most susceptible, because  
Bred so delicately, which  
Is not good for dogs and such.  
Ah, they found him on the moor,  
Oil and wine in haste they pour,

Wrap him safe as any man in  
Mother's best and warmest flannen,  
While to ease his racking cough he  
Has to suck the finest toffee;  
But in vain came comfort then;  
Pöör Smut never smiled again.

This effusion is not signed. I cannot believe that my grandmother composed it; probably it is the work of some precisian of the schoolroom. To be really useful, however, the vowels should be represented by more accurate symbols. Are we meant, for example, to give the vowel in 'toffee' the sound in *of* or in *off*? Probably the latter, for I was brought up to say *coff-ee*, and I so spoke of it without shame till my marriage, when the breadth of my vowel offended Sophia. A man who could exchange tobacco for snuff to please his mistress is not likely to stick at a vowel, and 'cof-fee' it became; but alas! the very first day on which I aired my new accomplishment to a guest—it was the late Duke of —, who honoured us by a call at the old Chobham camp—he replied to my 'Will you have tea or cof-fee?' with 'Thank you, a cup of coff-ee would be very pleasant;' and coff-ee it has remained for me. It is pitiful to remark what havoc the Board schoolmasters and railway porters are making among place names. Even at Lowestoft and Kelvedon, as I noticed in October, you hardly hear now the old-fashioned Lestoff and Keldon; and Edward Fitzgerald would turn in his grave to hear Boulge pronounced Bowlge instead of Bowidge.

*IN KEDAR'S TENTS.<sup>1</sup>*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,

AUTHOR OF 'THE SOWERS,' 'WITH EDGED TOOLS,' ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

## ONE SOWETH.

'If it be a duty to respect other men's claims, so also is it a duty to maintain our own.'

IT is in the staging of her comedies that Fate shows herself superior to mere human invention. While we, with careful regard to scenery, place our conventional puppets on the stage and bid them play their old old parts in a manner as ancient, she rings up the curtain and starts a tragedy on a scene that has obviously been set by the carpenter for a farce. She deals out the parts with a fine inconsistency, and the jolly-faced little man is cast to play Romeo, while the poetic youth with lantern-jaw and an impaired digestion finds no Juliet to match his love.

Fate, with that playfulness which some take too seriously or quite amiss, set her queer stage as long ago as 1838 for the comedy of certain lives, and rang up the curtain one dark evening on no fitter scene than the high road from Gateshead to Durham. It was raining hard, and a fresh breeze from the south-east swept a salt rime from the North Sea across a tract of land as bare and bleak as the waters of that grim ocean. A hard, cold land this, where the iron that has filled men's purses has also entered their souls.

There had been a great meeting at Chester-le-Street of those who were at this time beginning to be known as Chartists, and, the Act having been lately passed that torchlight meetings were illegal, this assembly had gathered by the light of a waning moon long since hidden by the clouds. Amid the storm of wind and rain, orators had expounded views as wild as the night itself, to which the hard-visaged sons of Northumbria had listened with grunts of approval or muttered words of discontent. A dangerous game to play—this stirring up of the people's heart, and one that may at any moment turn to the deepest earnest.

Few thought at this time that the movement awakening in

<sup>1</sup> Copyright 1897 by Henry Seton Merriman, in the United States of America.

the working centres of the North and Midlands was destined to spread with the strange rapidity of popular passion—to spread and live for a decade. Few of the Chartists expected to see the fulfilment of half of their desires. Yet, to-day, half of the People's Charter has been granted. These voices crying in the night demanded an extended suffrage, vote by ballot, and freedom for rich and poor alike to sit in Parliament. Within the scope of one reign these demands have been granted.

The meeting at Chester-le-Street was no different from a hundred others held in England at the same time. It was illegal, and yet the authorities dared not to pronounce it so. It might prove dangerous to those taking part in it. Lawyers said that the leaders laid themselves open to the charge of high treason. In this assembly as in others there were wirepullers—men playing their own game, and from the safety of the rear pushing on those in front. With one of these we have to do. With his mistake Fate raised the curtain, and on the horizon of several lives arose a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

Geoffrey Horner lived before his time, insomuch as he was a gentleman-Radical. He was clever, and the world heeded not. He was brilliant, well educated, capable of great achievements, and the world refused to be astonished. Here were the makings of a malcontent. A well-born Radical is one whom the world has refused to accept at his own valuation. A wise man is ready to strike a bargain with Fate. The wisest are those who ask much and then take half. It is the coward who asks too little, and the fool who imagines that he will receive without demanding.

Horner had thrown in his lot with the Chartists in that spirit of pique which makes a man marry the wrong woman because the right one will have none of him. At the Chester-le-Street meeting he had declared himself an upholder of moral persuasion, while in his heart he pandered to those who knew only of physical force and placed their reliance thereon. He had come from Durham with a contingent of malcontents, and was now returning thither on foot in company with the local leaders. These were intelligent mechanics seeking clumsily and blindly enough what they knew to be the good of their fellows. At their heels tramped the rank and file of the great movement. The assembly was a subtle foreshadowing of things to come—of Newport and the march of twenty thousand men, of violence and bloodshed, of strife between brethren, and of justice nonplussed and hesitating.

The toil-worn miners were mostly silent, their dimly enlightened intellects uneasily stirred by the words they had lately heard—their stubborn hearts full of a great hope with a minute misgiving at the back of it. With this dangerous material Geoffrey Horner proposed to play his game.

Suddenly a voice was raised.

‘Mates,’ it cried, at the cross-roads, ‘let’s go and smash Pleydell’s windows!’

And a muttered acquiescence to the proposal swept through the moving mass like a sullen breeze through reeds. The desire for action rustled among these men of few words and mighty arms.

Horner hurriedly consulted his colleagues. Was it wise to attempt to exert an authority which was merely nominal? The principles of Chartism were at this time to keep within the limits of the law, and yet to hint, when such a course was safe, that stronger measures lay behind mere words. Their fatal habit was to strike softly. In peace and war, at home and abroad, there is but one humane and safe rule: Hesitate to strike—strike hard.

Sir John Pleydell was a member of that Parliament which had treated the Charter with contempt. He was one of those who had voted with the majority against the measures it embodied. In addition to these damning facts, he was a large colliery owner, and a local Tory of some renown. An ambitious man, as the neighbours said, who wished to leave his son a peerage, Sir John Pleydell was known to be a cold and calculating speculator, originally a solicitor in Newcastle, pausing to help no man in his steady career of self-advancement. To the minds of the rabble this magnate represented the tyranny against which their protest was raised. Geoffrey Horner looked on him as a political opponent and a dangerous member of the winning party. The blow was easy to strike. Horner hesitated—at the cross-roads of other lives than his own—and held his tongue.

The suggestion of the unknown humorist in the crowd commended itself to the more energetic of the party, who immediately turned towards the by-road leading to Dene Hall. The others—the minority—followed as minorities do, because they distrusted themselves. Some one struck up a song with words lately published in the ‘Northern Liberator’ and set to a well-known local air.

The shooting party assembled at Dene Hall was still at the dinner table when the malcontents entered the park, and the talk

of coverts and guns ceased suddenly at the sound of their rough voices. Sir John Pleydell, an alert man still, despite his grey hair and drawn, careworn face, looked up sharply. He had been sitting silently fingering the stem of his wineglass—a habit of his when the ladies quitted the room—and, although he had shot as well as, perhaps better than, any present, had taken but little part in the conversation. He had, in fact, only half listened, and when a rare smile passed across his grey face it invariably owed its existence to some sally made by his son, Alfred Pleydell, gay, light-hearted, *débonnaire*, at the far end of the table. When Sir John's thoughtful eyes rested on his motherless son, a dull and suppressed light gleamed momentarily beneath his heavy lids. Superficial observers said that John Pleydell was an ambitious man; 'not for himself,' added the few who saw deeper.

When his quick mind now took in the import of the sound that broke the outer silence of the night, Sir John's glance sought his son's face. In moments of alarm the glance flies to where the heart is.

'What is that?' asked Alfred Pleydell, standing up.

'The Chartists,' said Sir John.

Alfred looked round. He was a soldier, though the ink had hardly dried upon the parchment that made him one—the only soldier in the room.

'We are eleven here,' he said, 'and two men downstairs—some of you fellows have your valets too—say fifteen in all. We cannot stand this, you know.'

As he spoke the first volley of stones crashed through the windows, and the broken glass rattled to the floor behind the shutters. The cries of the ladies in the drawing-room could be heard, and all the men sprang to their feet. With blazing eyes Alfred Pleydell ran to the door, but his father was there before him.

'Not you,' said the elder man, quiet but a little paler than usual; 'I will go and speak to them. They will not dare to touch me. They are probably running away by this time.'

'Then we'll run after 'em,' answered Alfred with a fine spirit, and something in his attitude, in the ring of his voice, awoke that demon of combativeness which lies dormant in men of the Anglo-Saxon race.

'Come on, you fellows!' cried the boy with a queer glad laugh, and without knowing that he did it Sir John stood aside, his heart

warm with a sudden pride, his blood stirred by something that had not moved it these thirty years. The guests crowded out of the room—old men who should have known better—laughing as they threw aside their dinner napkins. What a strange thing is man, peaceful through long years, and at a moment's notice a mere fighting devil.

'Come on, we'll teach them to break windows!' repeated Alfred Pleydell, running to the stick rack. The rain rattled on the skylight of the square hall, and the wind roared down the open chimney. Among the men hastily arming themselves with heavy sticks and cramming caps upon their heads were some who had tasted of rheumatism, but they never thought of an overcoat.

'We'll know each other by our shirt fronts,' said a quiet man who was standing on a chair in order to reach an Indian club suspended on the wall.

Alfred was at the door leading through to the servants' quarters, and his summons brought several men from the pantry and kitchens.

'Come on!' he cried, 'take anything you can find—stick or poker—yes, and those old guns, use 'em like a club, hit very hard and very often. We'll charge the devils—there's nothing like a charge—come on!'

And he was already out of the door with a dozen at his heels.

The change from the lighted rooms to the outer darkness made them pause a moment, during which time the defenders had leisure to group themselves around Alfred Pleydell. A hoarse shout, which indeed drowned Geoffrey Horner's voice, showed where the assailants stood. Horner had found his tongue after the first volley of stones. It was the policy of the Chartist leaders and wirepullers to suggest rather than demonstrate physical force. Enough had been done to call attention to the Chester-le-Street meeting, and give it the desired prominence in the eyes of the nation.

'Get back, go to your homes!' he was shouting, with upraised arms, when the hoarse cry of his adherents and the flood of light from the opened door made him turn hastily. In a moment he saw the meaning of this development, but it was too late.

With a cheer, Alfred Pleydell, little more than a boy, led the charge, and seeing Horner in front, ran at him with upraised stick. Horner half warded the blow, which came whistling down

his own stick and paralysed his thumb. He returned the stroke with a sudden fury, striking Pleydell full on the head. Then, because he had a young wife and child at home, he pushed his way through the struggling crowd, and ran away in the darkness. As he ran he could hear his late adherents dispersing in all directions, like sheep before a dog. He heard a voice calling :

‘Alfred! Alfred!’

And Horner, who an hour—nay, ten minutes—earlier had had no thought of violence, ran his fastest along the road by which he had lately come. His heart was as water within his breast, and his staring eyes played their part mechanically. He did not fall, but he noted nothing, and had no knowledge whither he was running.

Alfred Pleydell lay quite still on the lawn in front of his father's house.

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## CHAPTER II.

### ANOTHER REAPETH.

‘Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt.’

DURING the course of a harum-scarum youth in the city of Dublin certain persons had been known to predict that Mr. Frederick Conyngham had a future before him. Mostly pleasant-spoken Irish persons these, who had the racial habit of saying that which is likely to be welcome. Many of them added, ‘the young divil,’ under their breath, in a pious hope of thereby cleansing their souls from guilt.

‘I suppose I'm idle, and what is worse, I know I'm a fool,’ said Fred himself to his tutor when that gentleman, with a toleration which was undeserved, took him severely to task before sending him up for the Bar examination. The tutor said nothing, but he suspected that this, his wildest pupil, was no fool. Truth to tell, Frederick Conyngham had devoted little thought to the matter of which he spoke, namely himself, and was perhaps none the worse for that. A young man who thinks too often, usually falls into the error of also thinking too much, of himself.

The examination was, however, safely passed, and in due course Frederick was called to the Irish Bar, where a Queen's Counsel with an accent like rich wine, told him that he was now a gentleman, and entitled so to call himself.

All these events were left behind, and Conyngham, sitting

alone in his rooms in Norfolk Street, Strand, three days after the breaking of Sir John Pleydell's windows, was engaged in realising that the predicted future was still in every sense before him, and in nowise nearer than it had been in his mother's lifetime.

This realisation of an unpleasant fact appeared in no way to disturb his equanimity, for, as he knocked his pipe against the bars of the fire, he murmured a popular air in a careless voice. The firelight showed his face to be pleasant enough in a way that left the land of his birth undoubted. Blue eyes, quick and kind; a square chin, closely curling hair, and square shoulders bespoke an Irishman. Something, however, in the cut of his lips—something close and firm—suggested an admixture of Anglo-Saxon blood. The man looked as if he might have had an English mother. It was perhaps this formation of the mouth that had led those pleasant-spoken persons to name to his relatives their conviction that Conyngham had a future before him. The best liars are those who base their fancy upon fact. They knew that the ordinary thorough-bred Irishman has usually a cheerful enough life before him, but not that which is vaguely called a future. Fred Conyngham looked like a man who could hold to his purpose, but at this moment he also had the unfortunate appearance of not possessing one to hold to.

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and held the hot briar bowl against the ear of a sleeping fox terrier, which animal growled, without moving, in a manner that suggested its possession of a sense of humour and a full comprehension of the harmless practical joke.

A moment later the dog sat up and listened with an interest that gradually increased until the door opened and Geoffrey Horner came into the room.

'Faith, it's Horner!' said Conyngham. 'Where are you from?'

'The North.'

'Ah—sit down. What have you been doing up there—tub-thumping?'

Horner came forward and sat down in the chair indicated. He looked five years older than when he had last been there. Conyngham glanced at his friend, who was staring into the fire.

'Edith all right?' he asked carelessly.

'Yes.'

'And—the little chap?'

'Yes.'

Conyngham glanced at his companion again. Horner's eyes had the hard look that comes from hopelessness ; his lips were dry and white. He wore the air of one whose stake in the game of life was heavy, who played that game nervously. For this was an ambitious man with wife and child whom he loved. Conyngham's attitude towards Fate was in strong contrast. He held his head up and faced the world without encumbrance, without a settled ambition, without any sense of responsibility at all. The sharp-eyed dog on the hearthrug looked from one to the other. A moment before, the atmosphere of the room had been one of ease and comfortable assurance—an atmosphere that some men, without any warrant or the justification of personal success or distinction, seem to carry with them through life. Since Horner had crossed the threshold the ceaseless hum of the streets seemed to be nearer, the sound of it louder in the room ; the restlessness of that great strife stirred the air. The fox terrier laid himself on the hearthrug again, but instead of sleeping watched his two human companions.

Conyngham filled his pipe. He turned to the table where the matchbox stood at his elbow, took it up, rattled it, and laid it down. He pressed the tobacco hard with his thumb, and, turning to Horner, said sharply :

'What is it ?'

'I don't know yet ; ruin, I think.'

'Nonsense, man !' said Conyngham cheerily. 'There is no such thing in this world. At least, the jolliest fellows I know are bankrupts, or no better. Look at me : never a brief ; literary contributions returned with thanks ; balance at the bank, seventeen pounds ten shillings ; balance in hand, none ; debts, the Lord only knows ! Look at me ! I'm happy enough.'

'Yes, you're a lonely devil.'

Conyngham looked at his friend with inquiry in his gay eyes. — 'Ah ! perhaps so. I live alone, if that is what you mean. But as for being lonely—no, hang it ! I have plenty of friends, especially at dividend time.'

'You have nobody depending on you,' said Horner with the irritability of sorrow.

'Because nobody is such a fool. On the other hand, I have nobody to care a twopenny curse what becomes of me. Same thing, you see, in the end. Come, man, cheer up. Tell me what

is wrong. Seventeen pounds ten shillings is not exactly wealth, but if you want it you know it is there, eh ?'

'I do not want it, thanks,' replied the other. 'Seventeen hundred would be no good to me.'

He paused, biting his under lip and staring with hard eyes into the fire.

'Read that,' he said at length, and handed Conyngham a cutting from a daily newspaper.

The younger man read, without apparent interest, an account of the Chester-le-Street meeting, and the subsequent attack on Sir John Pleydell's house.

'Yes,' he commented, 'the usual thing. Brave words followed by a cowardly deed. What in the name of fortune you were doing in that *galère* you yourself know best. If these are politics, Horner, I say drop them. Politics are a stick, clean enough at the top, but you've got hold of the wrong end. Young Pleydell was hurt, I see—"seriously, it is feared."

'Yes,' said Horner significantly ; and his companion, after a quick look of surprise, read the slip of paper carefully a second time. Then he looked up and met Horner's eyes.

'Gad !' he exclaimed in a whisper.

Horner said nothing. The dog moved restlessly, and for a moment the whole world—that sleepless world of the streets—seemed to hold its breath.

'And if he dies,' said Conyngham at length.

'Exactly so,' answered the other with a laugh—of scaffold mirth.

Conyngham turned in his chair and sat with his elbows on his knees, his face resting on his closed fists, staring at the worn old hearthrug. Thus they remained for some minutes.

'What are you thinking about ?' asked Horner at length.

'Nothing—got nothing to think with. You know that, Geoffrey. Wish I had—never wanted it as I do at this moment. I'm no good, you know that. You must go to some one with brains—some clever devil.'

As he spoke he turned and took up the paper again, reading the paragraph slowly and carefully. Horner looked at him with a breathless hunger in his eyes. At some moments it is a crime to think, for we never know but that thought may be transmitted without so much as a whisper.

"The miners were accompanied by a gentleman from London,"

Conyngham read aloud, "a barrister, it is supposed, whose speech was a feature of the Chester-le-Street meeting. This gentleman's name is quite unknown, nor has his whereabouts yet been discovered. His sudden disappearance lends likelihood to the report that this unknown agitator actually struck the blow which injured Mr. Alfred Pleydell. Every exertion is being put forth by the authorities to trace the man, who is possibly a felon and certainly a coward."

Conyngham laid aside the paper and again looked at Horner, who did not meet his glance nor ask now of what he was thinking. Horner, indeed, had his own thoughts, perhaps of the fireside—modest enough, but happy as love and health could make it—upon which his own ambition had brought down the ruins of a hundred castles in the air—thoughts he scarce could face, no doubt, and yet had no power to drive away, of the young wife whose world was that same fireside; of the child, perhaps, whose coming had opened for a time the door of Paradise.

Conyngham broke in upon these meditations with a laugh.

'I have it!' he cried. 'It's as simple as the alphabet. This paper says it was a barrister—a man from London—a malcontent, a felon, a coward. Dammy, Geoff—that's me!'

He leapt to his feet. 'Get out of the way, Tim!' he cried to the dog, pushing the animal aside and standing on the hearthrug.

'Listen to this,' he went on. 'This thing, like the others, will blow over. It will be forgotten in a week. Another meeting will be held—say in South Wales, more windows will be broken, another young man's head cracked, and Chester-le-Street (God-forsaken place, never heard of it) will be forgotten.'

Horner sat looking with hollow eyes at the young Irishman, his lips twitching, his fingers interlocked—there is nothing makes so complete a coward of a man as a woman's love. Conyngham laughed as the notion unfolded itself in his mind. He might, as he himself had said, be of no great brain power, but he was at all events a man and a brave one. He stood a full six foot, and looked down at his companion, who sat white-faced and shrinking.

'It is quite easy,' he said, 'for me to disappear in such a manner as to arouse suspicion. I have nothing to keep me here; my briefs—well, the Solicitor-General can have 'em! I have no ties—nothing to keep me in any part of the world. When young Pleydell is on his feet again, and a few more windows have been

broken, and nine days have elapsed, the wonder will give place to another, and I can return to my—practice.'

'I couldn't let you do it.'

'Oh, yes, you could,' said Conyngham with the quickness of his race to spy out his neighbour's vulnerable point. 'For the sake of Edith and the little devil.'

Horner sat silent, and after a moment Conyngham went on.

'All we want to do is to divert suspicion from you now—to put them on a false scent, for they must have one of some sort. When they find that they cannot catch me they will forget all about it.'

Horner shuffled in his seat. This was nothing but detection of the thoughts that had passed through his own mind.

'It is easy enough done,' went on the Irishman. 'A paragraph here and there in some of the newspapers; a few incriminating papers left in these rooms, which are certain to be searched. I have a bad name—an Irish dog goes about the world with a rope round his neck. If I am caught it will not be for some time, and then I can get out of it somehow—an alibi or something. I'll get a brief at all events. By that time the scent will be lost, and it will be all right. Come, Geoff, cheer up! A man of your sort ought not to be thrown by a mischance like this.'

He stood with his legs apart, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, a gay laugh on his lips, and much discernment in his eyes.

'Oh, d——n Edith!' he added after a pause, seeing that his efforts met with no response. 'D——n that child! You used to have some pluck, Horner.'

Horner shook his head and made no answer, but his very silence was a point gained. He no longer protested nor raised any objection to his companion's hare-brained scheme. The thing was feasible, and he knew it.

Conyngham went on to set forth his plans, which with characteristic rapidity of thought he evolved as he spoke.

'Above all,' he said, 'we must be prompt. I must disappear to-night, the paragraphs must be in to-morrow's papers. I think I'll go to Spain. The Carlists seem to be making things lively there. You know, Horner, I was never meant for a wig and gown—there's no doubt about that. I shall have a splendid time of it out there——'

He stopped, meeting a queer look in Horner's eyes, who sat leaning forward and searching his face with jealous glance.

'I was wondering,' said the other with a pale smile, 'if you were ever in love with Edith.'

'No, my good soul, I was not,' answered Conyngham with perfect carelessness, 'though I knew her long before you did.'

He paused, and a quick thought flashed through his mind that some men are seen at their worst in adversity. He was ready enough to find excuses for Horner, for men are strange in the gift of their friendship, often giving it where they know it is but ill deserved.

He rattled on with unbroken gaiety, unfolding plans which in their perfection of detail suggested a previous experience in out-running the constable.

While they were still talking a mutual friend came in—a quick-spoken man already beginning to be known as a journalist of ability. They talked on indifferent topics for some time. Then the new-comer said jerkily :

'Heard the news?'

'No,' answered Conyngham.

'Alfred Pleydell—young fellow who resisted the Chartist rioters at Durham—died yesterday morning.'

Frederick Conyngham had placed himself in front of Horner, who was still seated in the low chair by the fire. He found Horner's toe with his heel.

'Is that so?' he said gravely. 'Then I'm off.'

'What do you mean?' asked the journalist with a quick look—the man had the manner of a ferret.

'Nothing, only I'm off, that's all, old man. And I cannot ask you to stay this evening, you understand, because I have to pack.'

He turned slowly on Horner, who had recovered himself, but still had his hand over his face.

'Got any money, Geoff?' he asked.

'Yes, I have twenty pounds if you want it,' answered the other in a strangely hoarse voice.

'I do want it—badly.'

The journalist had taken up his hat and stick. He moved slowly towards the door, and there pausing saw Horner pass the bank-notes to Conyngham.

'You had better go too,' said the Irishman. 'You two are going in the same direction, I know.'

Horner rose, and, half laughing, Conyngham pushed him towards the door.

'See him home, Blake,' he said. 'Old Horner has the blues to-night.'

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### CHAPTER III.

#### LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA.

'No one can be more wise than destiny.'

'WHAT are we waiting for? why, two more passengers—grand ladies as they tell me—and the captain has gone ashore to fetch them,' the first mate of the *Granville* barque, of London, made answer to Frederick Conyngham, and he breathed on his fingers as he spoke, for the north-west wind was blowing across the plains of the Médoc, and the sun had just set behind the smoke of Bordeaux.

The *Granville* was lying at anchor in the middle of the Garonne river, having safely discharged her deck cargo of empty claret casks and landed a certain number of passengers. There are few colder spots on the Continent than the sunny town of Bordeaux when the west wind blows from Atlantic wastes in winter time. A fine powder of snow scudded across the flat land, which presented a bleak brown face, patched here and there with white. There were two more passengers on board the *Granville*, crouching in the cabin—two French gentlemen who had taken passage from London to Algeciras in Spain, on their way to Algiers.

Conyngham, with characteristic good nature, had made himself so entirely at home on board the Mediterranean trader that his presence was equally welcomed in the forecastle and the captain's cabin. Even the first mate, his present interlocutor, a grim man given to muttered abuse of his calling and a pious pessimism in respect to human nature, gradually thawed under the influence of so cheerful an acceptance of heavy weather and a clumsy deck cargo.

'The ladies will be less trouble than the empty casks at all events,' said Conyngham, 'because they will keep below.'

The sailor shook his head forebodingly and took an heroic pinch of snuff.

'One's as capable of carrying mischief as the other,' he muttered in the bigoted voice of a married teetotaller.

The ship was ready for sea, and this mariner's spirit was ever uneasy and restless till the anchor was on deck and the hawser stowed.

'There's a boat leaving the quay now,' he added. 'Seems she's lumbered up forr'ard wi' women's hamper.'

And indeed the black form of a skiff so laden could be seen approaching through the driving snow and gloom. The mate called to the steward to come on deck, and this bearded servitor of dames emerged from the galley with uprolled sleeves and a fine contempt for cold winds. A boy went forward with a coil of rope on his arm, for the tide was running hard and the Garonne is no ladies' pleasure stream. It is not an easy matter to board a ship in mid-current when tide and wind are at variance and the fingers so cold that a rope slips through them like a log-line. The *Granville*, having still on board her cargo of coals for Algeciras, lay low in the water with both her anchors out and the tide singing round her old-fashioned hempen hawsers.

'Now see ye throw a clear rope,' shouted the mate to the boy who had gone forward. The proximity of the land and the approach of women—a *bête noire* no less dreaded—seemed to flurry the brined spirit of the *Granville's* mate.

Perhaps the knowledge that the end of a rope, not judged clear, would inevitably be applied to his own person, shook the nerve of the boy on the forecastle—perhaps his hands were cold and his faculties benumbed. He cast a line which seemed to promise well at first. Two coils of it unfolded themselves gracefully against the grey sky, and then Confusion took the others for herself. A British oath from the deck of the ship went out to meet a fine French explosion of profanity from the boat, both forestalling the splash of the tangled rope into the water under the bows of the ship, and a full ten yards out of the reach of the man who stood boathook in hand ready to catch it. There were two ladies in the stern of the boat muffled up to the eyes, and betokening by their attitude the hopeless despair and misery which seize the Southern fair the moment they embark in so much as a ferry boat. The fore part of the heavy craft was piled up with trunks and other impedimenta of a feminine incongruity. A single boatman had rowed the boat from the shore, guiding it into mid-stream, and there describing a circle calculated to insure a gentle approach on the lee side. This man, having laid aside his oars, now stood boathook in hand awaiting the inevitable

crash. The offending boy in the bows was making frantic efforts to haul in his misguided rope, but the possibility of making a second cast was unworthy of consideration. The mate muttered such a string of foreboding expletives as augured ill for the delinquent. The boatman was preparing to hold on and fend off at the same moment—a sudden gust of wind gave the boat a sharp buffet just as the man grappled the mizzen-chains—he overbalanced himself, fell, and recovered himself, but only to be jerked backwards into the water by the boathook, which struck him in the chest.

'*À moi !*' cried the man, and disappeared in the muddy water. He rose to the surface under the ship's quarter, and the mate, quick as lightning, dumped the whole coil of the slack of the main sheet on to the top of him. In a moment he was at the level of the rail, the mate and the steward hauling steadily on the rope, to which he clung with the tenacity and somewhat the attitude of a monkey. At the same instant a splash made the rescuers turn in time to see Conyngham, whose coat lay thrown on the deck behind them, rise to the surface ten yards astern of the *Granville* and strike out towards the boat, now almost disappearing in the gloom of night.

The water, which had flowed through the sunniest of the sunny plains of France, was surprisingly warm, and Conyngham, soon recovering from the shock of his dive, settled into a quick side-stroke. The boat was close in front of him, and in the semi-darkness he could see one of the women rise from her seat and make her way forward, while her companion crouched lower and gave voice to her dismay in a series of wails and groans. The more intrepid lady was engaged in lifting one of the heavy oars when Conyngham called out in French :

'Courage, mesdames ! I will be with you in a moment.'

Both turned, and the pallor of their faces shone whitely through the gloom. Neither spoke, and in a few strokes Conyngham came alongside. He clutched the gunwale with his right hand, and drew himself breast high.

'If these ladies,' he said, 'will kindly go to the opposite side of the boat, I shall be able to climb in without danger of upsetting.'

'If mama inclines that way I think it will be sufficient,' answered the muffled form which had made its way forward. The voice was clear and low, remarkably self-possessed, and not without

a suggestion that its possessor bore a grudge against some person present.

'Perhaps mademoiselle is right,' said Conyngham with becoming gravity, and the lady in the stern obeyed her daughter's suggestion, with the result anticipated. Indeed, the boat heeled over with so much goodwill that Conyngham was lifted right out of the water. He clambered on board and immediately began shivering, for the wind cut like a knife.

The younger lady made her way cautiously back to the seat which she had recently quitted, and began at once to speak very severely to her mother. This stout and emotional person was swaying backwards and forwards, and, in the intervals of wailing and groaning, called in Spanish upon several selected saints to assist her. At times, and apparently by way of a change, she appealed to yet higher powers to receive her soul.

'My mother,' said the young lady to Conyngham, who had already got the oars out, 'has the heart of a rabbit, but—yes—of a very young rabbit.'

'Madame may rest assured that there is no danger,' said Conyngham.

'Monsieur is an Englishman——'

'Yes, and a very cold one at the moment. If madame could restrain her religious enthusiasm so much as to sit still, we should make better progress.'

He spoke rather curtly, as if refusing to admit the advisability of manning the boat with a crew of black-letter saints. The manner in which the craft leapt forward under each stroke of the oars testified to the strength of his arms, and madame presently subsided into whispers of thankfulness, having reason, it would seem, to be content with mere earthly aid in lieu of that heavenly intervention which ladies of her species summon at every turn of life.

'I wish I could help you,' said the younger woman presently, in a voice and manner suggestive of an energy unusual to her countrywomen. She spoke in French, but with an accent somewhat round and full, like an English accent, and Conyngham divined that she was Spanish. He thought also that under their outer wraps the ladies wore the mantilla, and had that graceful carriage of the head which is only seen in the Peninsula.

'Thank you, mademoiselle, but I am making good progress now. Can you see the ship?'

She rose and stood peering into the darkness ahead—a graceful, swaying figure. A faint scent as of some flower was wafted on the keen wind to Conyngham, who had already decided with characteristic haste that this young person was as beautiful as she was intrepid.

‘Yes,’ she answered, ‘it is quite close. They are also showing lights to guide us.’

She stood looking apparently over his head towards the *Granville*, but when she spoke it would seem that her thoughts had not been fixed on that vessel.

‘Is monsieur a sailor?’

‘No, but I fortunately have a little knowledge of such matters—fortunate since I have been able to turn it to the use of these ladies.’

‘But you are travelling in the *Granville*.’

‘Yes, I am travelling in the *Granville*.’

Over his oars Conyngham looked hard at his interlocutrice, but could discern nothing of her features. Her voice interested him, however, and he wondered whether there were ever calms on the coast of Spain at this time of the year.

‘Our sailors,’ said the young lady, ‘in Spain are brave, but they are very cautious. I think none of them would have done such a thing as you have just done for us. We were in danger. I knew it. Was it not so?’

‘The boat might have drifted against some ship at anchor and been upset. You might also have been driven out to sea. They had no boat on board the *Granville* ready to put out and follow you.’

‘Yes; and you saved us. But you English are of a great courage. And my mother, instead of thanking you, is offering her gratitude to James and John the sons of Zebedee, as if they had done it.’

‘I am no relation to Zebedee,’ said Conyngham with a gay laugh. ‘Madame may rest assured of that.’

‘Julia,’ said the elder lady severely, and in a voice that seemed to emanate from a chest as deep and hollow as an octave cask, ‘I shall tell Father Concha, who will assuredly reprove you. The saints upon whom I called were fishermen, and therefore the more capable of understanding our great danger. As for monsieur, he knows that he will always be in my prayers.’

‘Thank you, madame,’ said Conyngham gravely.

'And at a fitter time I hope to be able to tender him my thanks.'

At this moment a voice from the *Granville* hailed the boat, asking whether all was well and Mr. Conyngham on board. Being reassured on this point, the mate apparently attended to another matter requiring his attention, the mingled cries and expostulations of the cabin boy sufficiently indicating its nature.

The boat, under Conyngham's strong and steady strokes, now came slowly and without mishap alongside the great black hull of the vessel, and it soon became manifest that, although all danger was past, there yet remained difficulty ahead ; for when the boat was made fast and the ladder lowered, the elder of the two ladies firmly and emphatically denied her ability to make the ascent. The French boatman, shivering in a borrowed great-coat, and with a vociferation which flavoured the air with cognac, added his entreaties to those of the mate and steward. In the small boat Conyngham, in French, and the lady's daughter, in Spanish, represented that at least half of the heavenly host, having intervened to save her from so great a peril as that safely passed through, could surely accomplish this smaller feat with ease. But the lady still hesitated, and the mate, having clambered down into the boat, grabbed Conyngham's arm with a large and not unkindly hand, and pushed him forcibly towards the ladder.

'You hadn't got no business, Mr. Conyngham,' he said gruffly, 'to leave the ship like that, and like as not you've got your death of cold. Just you get aboard and leave these women to me. You get to your bunk, mister, and stooard'll bring you something hot.'

There was nought but obedience in the matter, and Conyngham was soon between the blankets, alternately shivering and burning in the first stages of a severe chill.

The captain having come on board, the *Granville* presently weighed anchor, and on the bosom of an ebbing tide turned her blunt prow towards the winter sea. The waves out there beat high, and before the lights of Pauillac, then a mere cluster of fishers' huts, had passed away astern, the good ship was lifting her bow with a sense of anticipation, while her great wooden beams and knees began to strain and creak.

During the following days, while the sense of spring and warmth slowly gave life to those who could breathe the air on deck, Conyngham lay in his little cabin and heeded nothing ; for when the fever left him he was only conscious of a great lassitude,

and scarce could raise himself to take such nourishment as the steward, with a rough but kindly skill, prepared for him.

'Why the deuce I ever came—why the deuce I ever went overboard after a couple of señoras—I don't know,' he repeated to himself during the hours of that long watch below.

Why, indeed? except that youth must needs go forth into the world and play the only stake it owns there. Nor is Frederick Conyngham the first who, having no knowledge of the game of life, throws all upon the board to wait upon the hazard of a die.

*(To be continued.)*

